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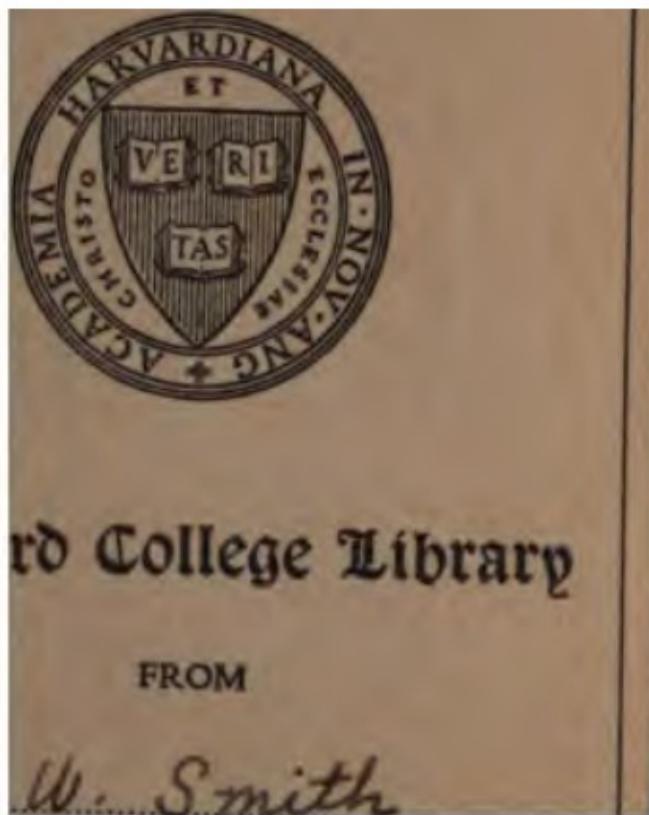
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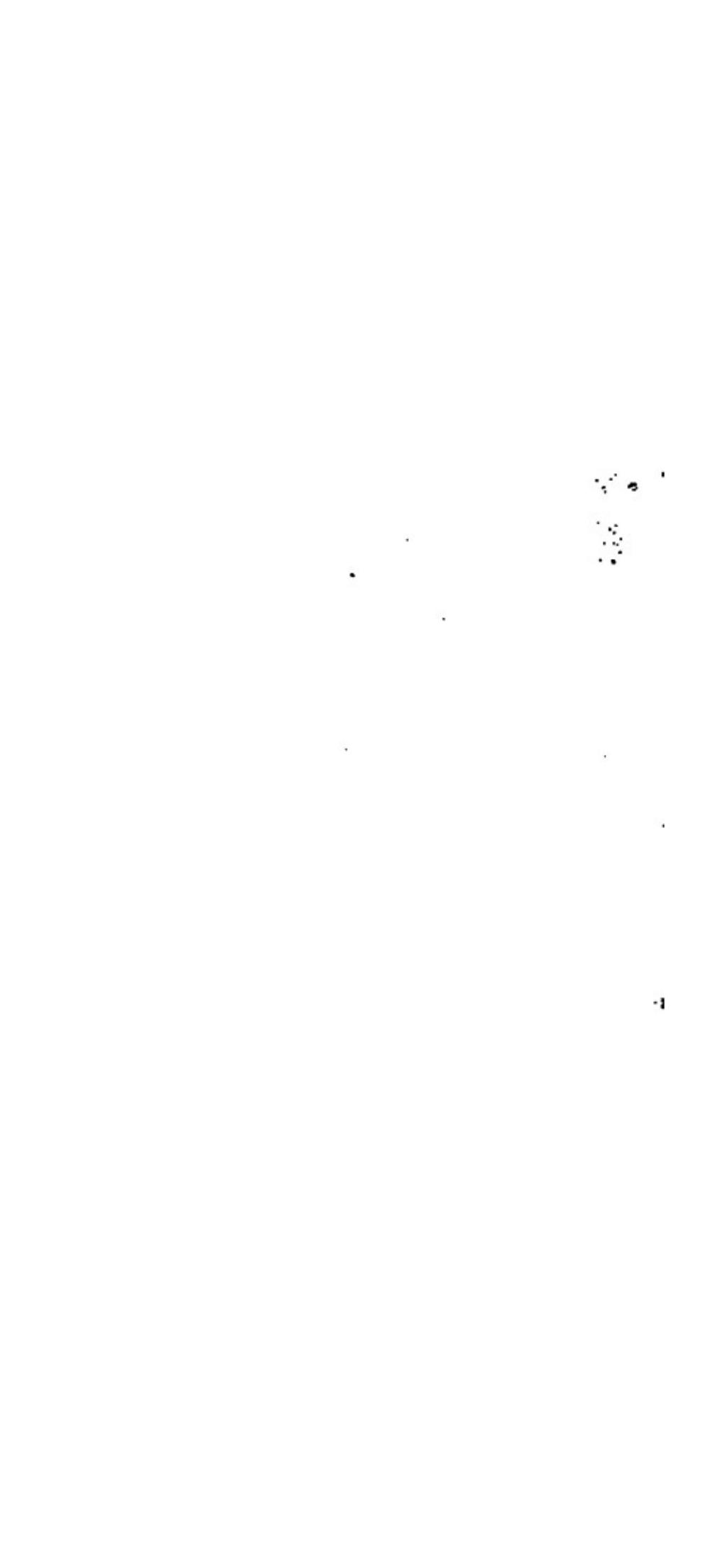
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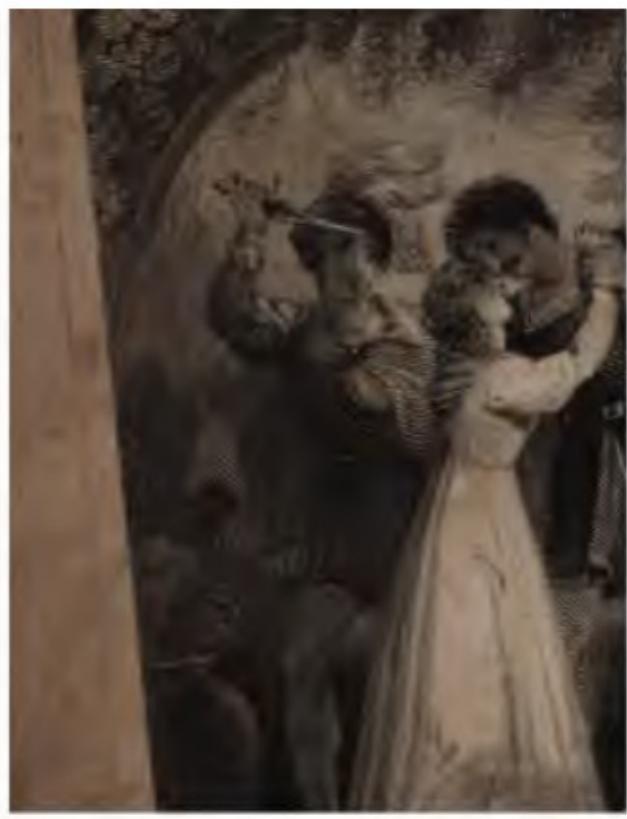
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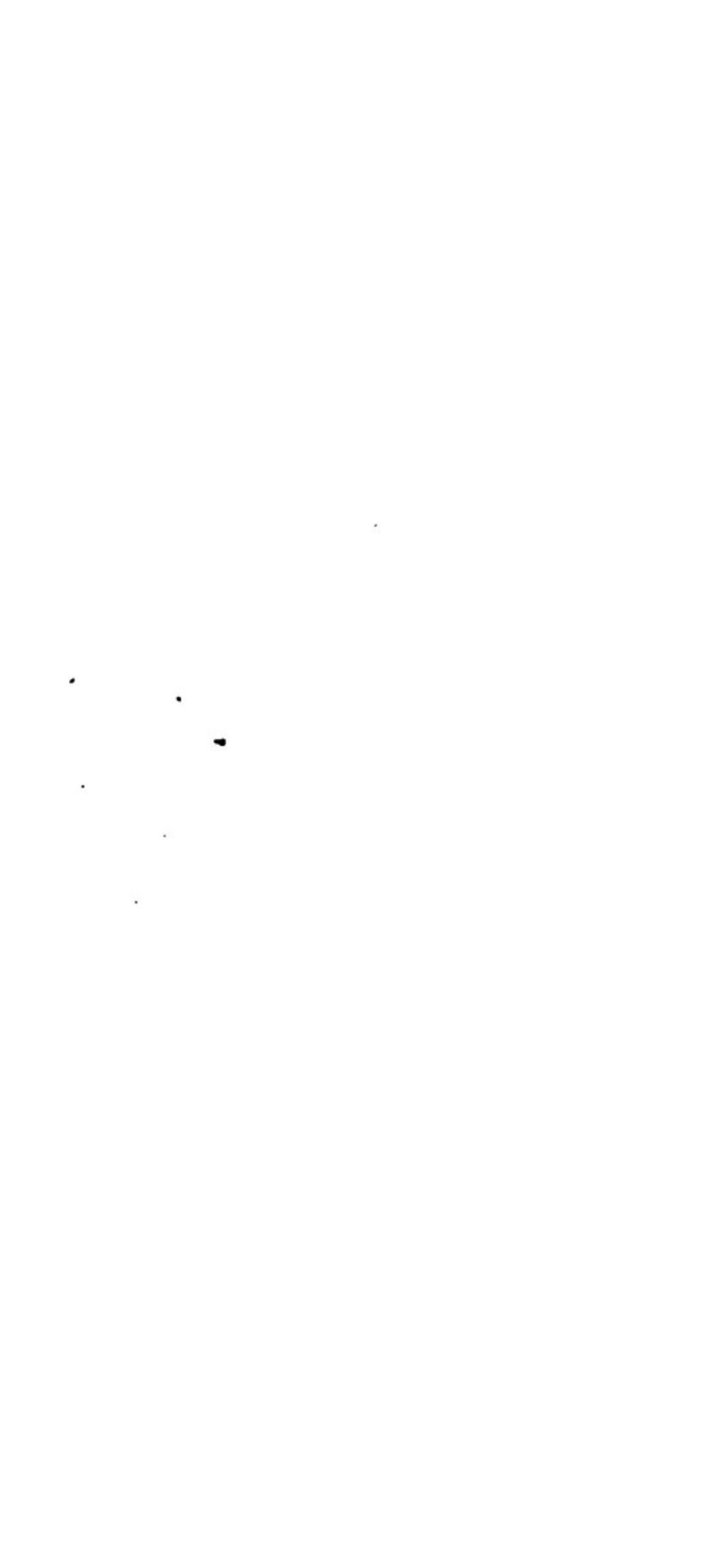
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—
SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY HANNAH MORE.



J. W. G.
F. Baetz

12
F. Coates, Son
1892, August,
London.











SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY HANNAH MORE.



✓ 17.00

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EDITION

BALLADS AND TALES.

The Foolish Traveller: or, a good Inn Home
The Impossibility Conquered; or, L. Neighbour as Yourself
Inscription in Fairy Bower
Faith and Works

HYMNS.

The True Heroes: or, the Noble Army of A Christmas Hymn
Here and There

as born, we believe, at Hanham, a
Bristol, where for several years she
g-school for young ladies.

lication was a pastoral drama, called
after Happiness,' which appeared in
written at the age of eighteen, for
friends, who performed the several
private parties. Though the plot of
is perfectly inartificial, the poetry
itable to the powers of such early
xperienced a very favourable recep-
ew pastorals are better calculated to
ale taste, repress the luxuriance of
ations, or charm the rising affections
ng with sensibility and ardour. But
inguished by its purity of sentiment,
ble affinity which it establishes and
een truth and nature, virtue and
its of innocence and the practice

conclusion —
author's residence in some
crimson stream flows, occasion-
over which the water mak-
mountains.

Mrs. More has also written
Mr. Garrick's house-dog :
founded on the Gabrielle de
'The Fatal Falsehood,' a
mas,* which have obtained
favour—the subjects taken
sibility,' a Poem : 'Flori-
two Poems; 'Slavery,'
on the Speech of M. Dup-
Convention of France, c
and Public Education.'
the gross atheistical t
M. Dupont, and roused
all ranks at the atrocity

..... were
..... two pupits in the vicinity of tho

re has since given to the world 'Prac-
, or the Influence of the Religion of the
the conduct of the Life;' 'Christian
Hints toward forming the Character of
'Princess;,' 'Strictures on Female Educa-
lebs in Search of a Wife;' and 'An
ie Character and Practical Writings of

s, in general, are calculated to awaken
a sense of their best interests, and ex-
praiseworthy actions.

ed for a considerable period with the
arrick, by whom she was termed her
re she formed an intimacy with many
viduals; among others, Dr. Johnson,
'her in the most flattering terms.'

ations are said to be --

absolute walking hospital, and ~~and~~ lone and bye places, with your doors open to ho stray-casualties. I wish, at least, that you wo have some children yourself, that you might not plauging one for all the pretty brats that are sta ing and friendless. I suppose it was some s goody, two or three thousand years ago, that s gested the idea of an alma-mater suckling the th hundred and sixty-five bantlings of the Countes Hainault.—Well, as your newly adopted pension have two babes, I insist on your accepting guineas for them, instead of one, at present; is, when you shall be present. If you cannot cumscribe your own charities, you shall not s mine, madam, who can afford it much better, who must be dunned for alms, and do not scran over hedges and ditches in searching for op tunities of flinging away my money on good we I employ mine better at auctions, and in buy pictures and baubles, and hoarding curiosities, t in truth, I cannot keep long, but that will las ever in my catalogue, and make me immo Alas! will they cover a multitude of sins? Ad

ADVERTISEMENT,

BY THE AUTHOR.

I AM as ready as the most rigid critic to confess that nothing can be more simple and inartificial than the plans of the following Dramas. In the construction of them I have seldom ventured to introduce any persons* of my own creation; still less did I imagine myself at liberty to invent circumstances. I reflected with awe, that *the place where I stood was holy ground*. All the latitude I permitted myself was, to make such persons as I selected act under such circumstances as I found and express such sentiments as, in my humble judgment, appeared not unnatural to their characters and situations.—Some of the speeches are so long as to retard the action; for I rather aspired after moral instruction than the purity of dramatic composition. I am aware, that it may be brought as an objection, that I have now and then made my Jewish characters speak too much like Christians, as it may be questioned whether I have not occasionally ascribed to them a degree of light and

* Never, indeed, except in *Daniel*, and that of necessity, as the Bible furnishes no more than two persons, Daniel and Daniel; and these were not sufficient to carry on the business of the piece.

It will be thought that I have chosen the least important passage in the David, for the foundation of the Drama; his name. Yet, even in this his sacred historian represents him as mean lesson of modesty, humility and piety. Many will think that the Saul's daughter would have added to the piece; and I have no doubt but she would have made the intrigue more interesting had this Drama been on stage. There, all that is tender, amiable in the passions, find a proper subject for the young, in whom it will be enough to have the passions awake a class of readers, to whom it is not moderate enough subject.

... and imper-
... ... me, but the opening of a way to
age and industry of some other persons,
y be better able to perform it thoroughly
essfully.'

—

Oh for the sacred energy which struck
The harp of Jesse's son ! or for a spark
Of that celestial flame which touch'd the lips
Of blest Isaiah ;* when the seraphim
With living fire descended, and his soul
From sin's pollution purg'd ! or one faint ray,
If human things to heavenly I may join,
Of that pure spirit which inflamed the breast
Of Milton, GOD's own poet ! when retired,
In fair enthusiastic vision rapt,
The mighty visitant deign'd bless his couch
With inspiration, such as never flow'd
'rom Acidale or Aganippe's fount !
Then, when the sacred fire within him burnt,
He spake as man or angel might have spoke,
When man was pure, and angels were his guests.
't will not be.—Nor prophet's burning zeal,
Muse of fire, nor yet to sweep the strings
Of sacred energy. to me !

and Latium, sought by deathless bau
en song enchant ; and shall enchant
Time's wide-circling round, though fi
their faith,
han human where the gods they sun
else their faith, they taught the best
knew ;
h, O Christian !) liv'd above their fa
ld have bless'd the beam, and hail'd
day,
'd the moral darkness from their sou
their minds receiv'd the clearer ray
tion, they had learn'd to scorn
impure, their less than human god
i mythology's fantastic maze.
lato ! how had thy chaste spirit hail'
' fitted to thy moral sense !
st thou felt, to see the fair romance
nagination, the bright dream
re fancy, more than realiz'd !
enthusiast ! thou hadst blest a schem

— gods they worshipp'd graced their song ;
we grace with gods we disbelieve ;
the manners, but reject the creed.

on only raise poetic flame,
no altars blaze, O Truth, to thee ?
shood only please, and fable charm ?
eternal Truth neglected lie
immortal, slighted, or profaned ?
our reverence only, not our love ;
but not our heart : a deity
but shunn'd; acknowledged, not ador'd.
dread her penetrating beams ;
near us, and too brightly shines.
to make our duty our delight ?
be the motive, disallow
entives drawn from God's command :
we trace, thro' all the page profane,
asure and a purer source
delight, than the fair book
presents? for ardent youth,
narrative; for years mature,
ument. in each

Yet turn, incurious, from
The rescued remnant of
Why are we taught delig
Alcides' labours, yet neg
Heroic Samson 'midst a
Herculean ? Pain and per
A life eventful and disast
Can all the tales which G
Can all the names the R
Of wondrous friendship a
Can gallant Theseus and
Orestes, and the partner o
Achates and his friend; I
And blooming Nisus, plea
And undivided by the str
Can each, can all, a lovel
Of virtuous friendship : ca
A tenderness more touchir
Of Jonathan and David ?—
Who, undebauch'd as yet
And unsophisticate, unbias

descended song, forgetting oft
ty and high descent,
origin; oft spreads
fly bane, pollutes the heart
d with unhallow'd hand
son'd chalice to the brim
ious ruin, minist'ring
e rapture to the fever'd taste,
nom, with malignant power,
ot of virtue, with'ring all
. Oh ! for some balm
ver, to raise the drooping Muse
of virtue ! to infuse
ath, to rouse a holy zeal,
gh conceptions of herself,
worth, her aim, her end !
al Spirit, let thy word
! O thou compassionate God !
ir frame, thou know'st we are but

aph's zeal thou wilt not seek,

Of this consummate system join to f
One fair, one finish'd, one harmonic
Trace the close links which form the
In beautiful connexion ; mark the sc
Whose nice gradations, with progres
For ever rising, end in DEITY!

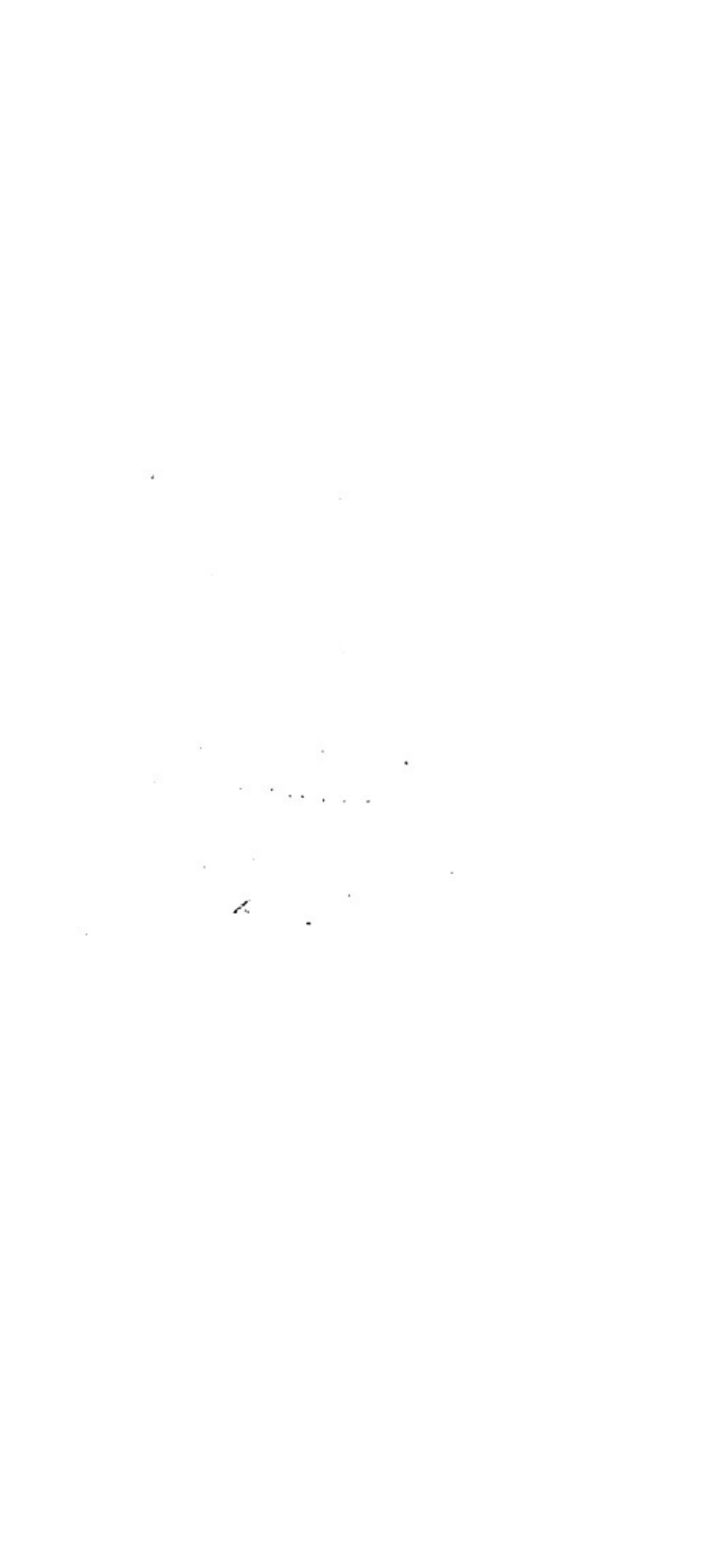
* ————— What in me is darl
Illumine ! what is low, raise and su
P.

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT,

**THESE
SACRED DRAMAS**

ARE,

WITH THE MOST PERFECT RESPECT,





MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

A SACRED DRAMA.

Let me assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to Man.

Paradise Lost.



B

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

HEBREW WOMEN.

JOCHEBED, *Mother of Moses.*

MIRIAM, *his Sister.*

EGYPTIANS.

The PRINCESS, *King Pharaoh's Daughter.*
MELITA; and other Attendants,

SCENE—*On the Banks of the Nile.*

*The Subject is taken from the Second Chapter
Book of Exodus.*

P A R T I.

Jochebed, Miriam.

JOCHEBED.

Why was my pray'r accepted ? why did Heav'n
In anger hear me when I ask'd a son ?
Ye dames of Egypt, ye triumphant mothers,
You no imperial tyrant marks for ruin ;
You are not doom'd to see the child you bore,
The babes you fondly nurture, bleed before you.
You taste the transports of a mother's love,
Without a mother's anguish ! Wretched Israel !
Can I forbear to mourn the different lot
Of thy sad daughters !—Why did God's own hand
Rescue his chosen race by Joseph's care ?
Joseph, th' elected instrument of Heav'n,
Decreed to save illustrious Abraham's sons,
What time the famine rag'd in Canaan's land.
Israel, who then was spared, must perish now !

Thou great mysterious Pow'r, who hast involv'd
Thy wise decrees in darkness, to perplex
The pride of human wisdom, to confound
The daring scrutiny, and prove the faith

JOCHEBED.

O sad estate
nedness! so weak is man,
blind, that did not God
old in mercy what we ask,
in'd at our own request.
ow'st, my child, the stern de-
king, hard-hearted Pharaoh!
e of Hebrew mother born
do I live to tell it thee?
y death! My child, my son,
n, my darling must be slain.

MIRIAM.

oient, and must he die?

JOCHEBED.

's tears, a mother's prayers,
precautions can prevail,
I have a thought, my Miriam
d of Mercies who inspired,
cret purpose of my soul,
ious life.

MIRIAM.

Hop'st thou that Pharaoh-

Thou infinite in mercy ! Thou permit'st
This seeming evil for some latent good.
Yes, I will laud thy grace, and bless thy goodness
For what I have, and not arraign thy wisdom
For what I fear to lose. Oh, I will bless thee
That Aaron will be spared ! that my first-born
Lives safe and undisturb'd ; that he was given me
Before this impious persecution raged !

MIRIAM.

And yet who knows but the fell tyrant's rage
May reach *his* precious life ?

JOCHEBED.

I fear for him,
For thee, for all. A doting parent lives
In many lives ; through many a nerve she feels ;
From child to child the quick affections spread,
For ever wandering, yet for ever fix'd.
Nor does division weaken, nor the force
Of constant operation e'er exhaust
Parental love. All other passions change
With changing circumstances.

~~...fierce infant, and expose I~~
in the banks of Nile.

MIRIAM.

'Tis full o'

JOACHEBED.

danger to expose and death to keep

MIRIAM.

, oh! reflect. Should the fierce croc
native and the tyrant of the Nile,
se the defenceless infant!

JOACHEBED.

Oh, fo
re my fond heart! Yet not the croco
all the deadly monsters of the deep,
me are half so terrible as Pharaoh,
t heathen king, that royal murderer.

MIRIAM.

ould he escape, which vat I have --

... there he lies:
I see him—spare my heart that pang.
One look may be indulged,
I feast my fondness with his smiles,
In one last, last kiss.—No more, my heart;
We would be fatal.—I should keep him.
It doom to death the babe I clasp'd:
Mother kill her sleeping boy?
Hazard it—The task be thine.
It wake my child: remove him softly;
I lay him on the river's brink.

MIRIAM.

Magicians, whom the sons of Egypt
Did think all-potent, join their skill;
Great as Egypt's sons believe;
Their secret wizard arts combined,
Little ark of bulrushes,
By exposed, could not effect it:
Their incantations, and dire charms,
Reserve it.

SCENE --

PART II.

Enter Miriam, after having deposited the Ch

MIRIAM.

Yes, I have laid him in his wat'ry bed,
His wat'ry grave, I fear!—I tremble still;
It was a cruel task—still I must weep!
But ah! my mother! who shall soothe thy grief
The flags and sea-weeds will a while sustain
Their precious load; but it must sink ere long!
Sweet babe, farewell! Yet think not I will leave:
No, I will watch thee, till the greedy waves
Devour thy little bark; I'll sit me down
And sing to thee, sweet babe; thou canst not hear
But 'twill amuse me, while I watch thy fate.

[*She sits down on a Bank, and sings*

SONG.

THOU who canst make the feeble strong,
O God of Israel, hear my song;
Not mine such notes as Egypt's daughters sing.
'Tis thou, O G—

train of Ladies.

PRINCESS.

further, virgins; here I mean to rest,
ste the pleasant coolness of the breeze;
ips to bathe in this translucent stream.
ot our holy law* enjoin the ablution
ent and regular, it still were needful
igate the fervour of our clime.
, stay—the rest at distance wait.

{*They all go out except one.*

The PRINCESS looks out.

, or I much mistake, or I perceive
be sedgy margin of the Nile
; entangled in the reeds it seems,
'st thou aught?

MELITA.

Something, but what I know not.

PRINCESS.

xamine what this night ——

A fairer infant have I never seen

PRINCESS.

Who knows but some unhappy
Has thus expos'd her infant, to e
The stern decree of my too cruel :
Unhappy mothers ! oft my heart !
In secret anguish o'er your slaug
Powerless to save, yet hating to d

MELITA.

Should this be so, my princess kn

PRINCESS.

No danger should deter from acts

MIRIAM *behind.*

A thousand blessings on her prince

PRINCESS.

Too much the sons of Jacob have
From regal Pharaoh's unrelenting

s avert whom Egypt worships),
in never serve their cause,
death prevent their greatness.

MELITA.

t vain hope. By weakest means
instruments, full oft
roduc'd. This rescu'd child
to serve his upstart race

PRINCESS.

How ill does it beseem
and gentle womanhood,
to Pity's sacred touch !
tected is our sex,
os'd, so very helpless,
'n itself enjoin compassion,
should make us kind,
urn of Fortune's wheel,
e pity we refuse.
m—Mercy, thou hast conquer'd !

How goodness heightens beauty, no
With fondness to her heart, she give
With tender caution to her damsel's
She points her to the palace, and ag
This way the princess bends her gra
The virgin train retire and bear the

Re-enter the Princess and I

PRINCESS.

Did ever innocence and infant bea
Plead with such dumb but powerful
If I, a stranger, feel those soft emoti
What must the mother who expos'd
Go, fetch a woman of the Hebrew ra
That she may nurse the babe;—and,
Lo, such a one is here!

MIRIAM.

Princess, a
Forgive the bold intrusion of thy ser
Who stands a charm'd spectator of th

PRINCESS.

I have redeem'd an infant from th

— — — — —
the nurse shall be the mother.

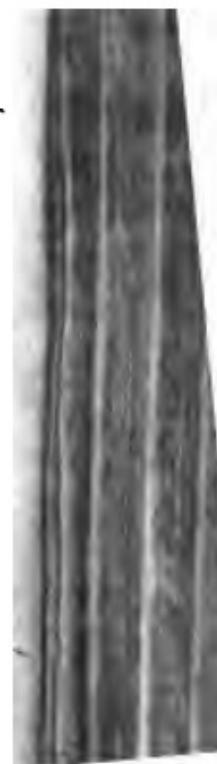
PRINCESS.

set this matron to the palace.
him up to princely greatness,
son ! I'll have him train'd,
in the deepest lore
sons ; his name be Moses,
him from the perilous flood.

[They go out.

MIRIAM kneels.

an ! who causest gentle deeds,
thou causest ; thus I bless thee,
a consult the tender make
earts, when thou ordain'dst
didst not make it
counteract
thin ; to war and fight
Nature ; but didst bend
a soul to mercy .



A mother's fondness frames a thousand
With thrilling nerve feels every real ill
And shapes imagined miseries into being.

[She looks towards

Ah me! Where is he? soul-distracting s
He is not there—he's lost, he's gone, he'
Toss'd by each beating surge my infant i
Cold, cold, and watery is thy grave, my
Oh no—I see the ark—Transporting sigl

[She goes

I have it here. Alas, the ark is empty!
The casket's left, the precious gem is gon
You spared him, pitying spirits of the dee
But vain your mercy; some insatiate bea
Cruel as Pharaoh, took the life you spare
And I shall never, never see my boy!

Enter Miriam.

JOCHEBED.

Come and lament with me thy brother's lo

MIRIAM

His life is safe;
ans to rear him as her own.

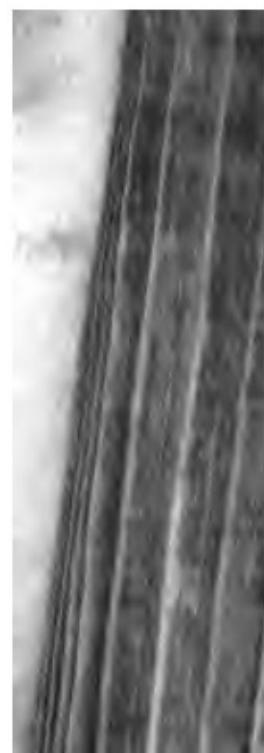
JOCHEBED.

[*Falls on her knees in rapture.*
the glory be ascribed!
ever be THY might;
man forethought! who o'er-rulest
rs to perform thy work,
purpose! who canst plant
in a heathen's heart,
of evil bring forth good!

MIRIAM.
our warmest hopes.

JOCHEBED.
o be nurtured in a court,
red? taught every art
cience Egypt knows;
iam; should he learn
arts her

[*She rises.*



JOACHEB.

Fountain of Mercy! whose perva
Can look within and read what pas
Accept my thoughts for thanks! I
My soul, o'erfraught with gratitude
The aid of language—Lord! behold

MIRIAM.

Yes, thou shalt pour into his infa
The purest precepts of the purest fa

JOACHEB.

Oh! I will fill his tender soul wi
And warm his bosom with Devotio
Aid me, celestial Spirit, with thy g
And be my labours with thy influ
Without it they were vain. Then
When he is furnish'd 'gainst the e
With God's whole armour,* girt w
And as a breastplate wearing Righ
Arm'd with the Spirit of God, the
And with the helmet of Salvation

— — — — — means
great deliverance.

JOCHEBED.

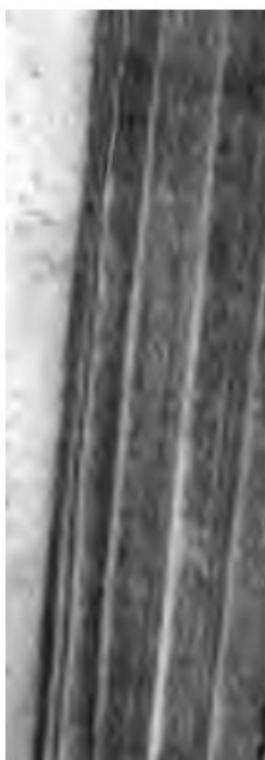
In doom'd to such strange perils,
ables to recall,
erved.

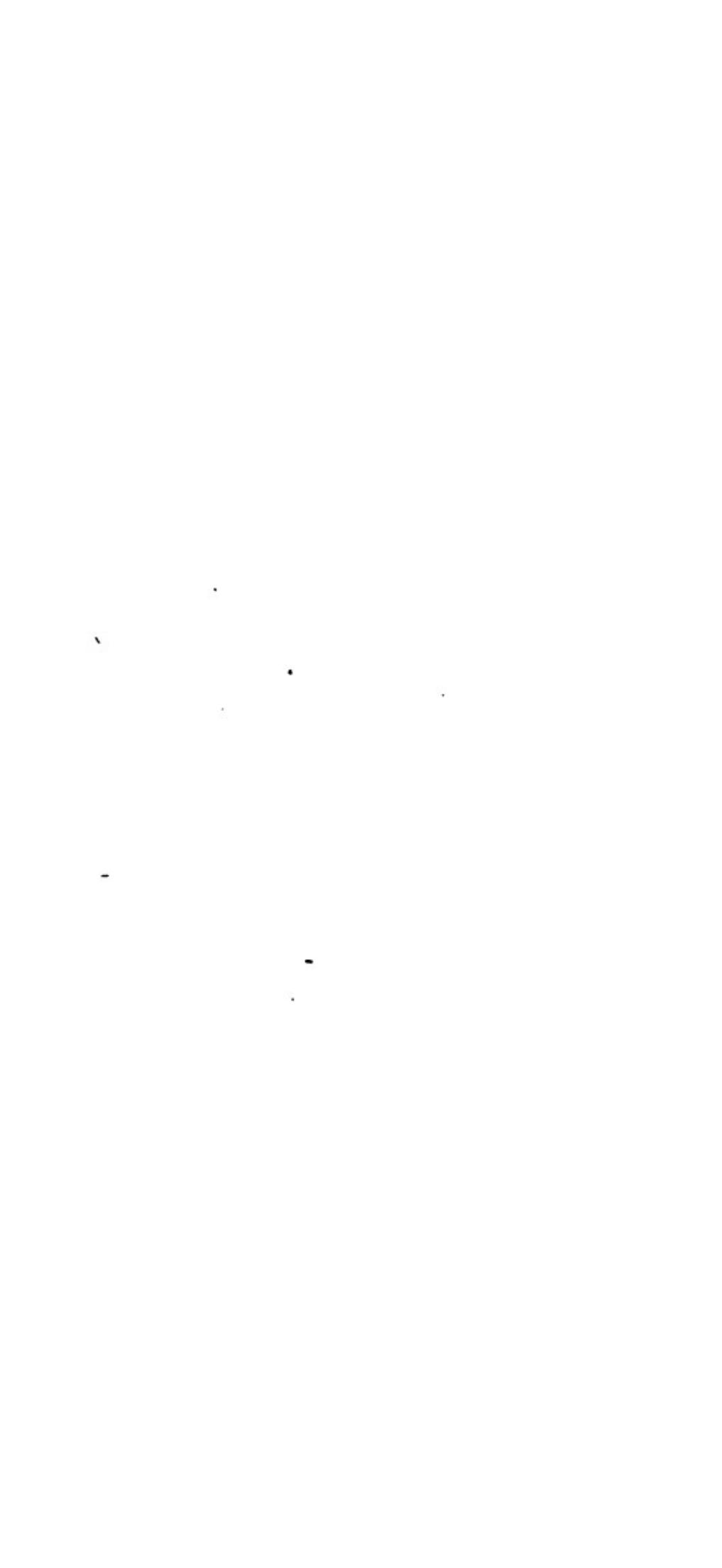
MIRIAM.

And mark still further,
any other hand,
ed to equal ruin.

CHEBED.

Was the hand of Heaven,
f the house of Israel,
araoh, kept in secret
dness; then exposed
ess which conceal'd him,
ous round of mercy,
z by Pharaoh's daughter,
that sought to crush him!
are all thy waves.





DAVID AND GOLIATH.

A SACRED DRAMA.

O bienheureux mille fois,
L'Enfant que le Seigneur aime,
Qui de bonne heure entend sa voix,
Et que ce Dieu digne instruire lui-même !
Loin du mond élevé ; de tous les dons des Cieux
Il est orné des sa naissance;
Et du mechant Fabord contagieux
N'altore point ses innocence.—*Athalie.*

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

SAUL, *King of Israel.*

ABNER, *his General.*

JESSE,

ELIAB,

ABINADAB, } *Sons of Jesse.*

DAVID,

GOLIATH, *the Philistine Giant.*

PART I.

SCENE—*A Shepherd's Tent on a Plain:*

DAVID, under a spreading Tree, plays on his Harp
and sings.

GREAT Lord of all things! Power divine!
Breathe on this erring heart of mine
Thy grace serene and pure:
Defend my frail, my erring youth,
And teach me this important truth—
The humble are secure!

Teach me to bless my lowly lot,
Confin'd to this paternal cot,
Remote from regal state!
Content to court the cooling glade,
Inhale the breeze, enjoy the shade,
And love my humble fate.

No anxious vigils here I keep,
No dreams of gold distract my sleep,
Nor lead my heart astray;
Nor blasting Envy's tainted gale
~~Pollutes the pleasures of the vale~~

Methinks this shepherd's life were —
Without the charm of soothing song or harp,
With it, not undelightful is the haunt
Of wood, or lonely grove, or russet plain,
Made vocal by the muse. With this loved
This daily solace of my cares, I sooth'd
The melancholy monarch, when he lay
Smit by the chill and spirit-quenching hand
Of black despair. God of my fathers, here
Here I devote my harp, my verse, myself
To thy blest service! gladly to proclaim
Glory to God on high, on earth good-will
To man; to pour my grateful soul before
To sing thy power, thy wisdom, and thy
And every gracious attribute, to paint
The charms of heaven-born virtue! so s'le
(Though with long interval of worth) as
To imitate the work of saints above,
Of cherub and of seraphim. My heart,
My talents, all I am, and all I have,
Is thine, O Father! Gracious Lord, accept
The humble dedication! Offer'd gifts
Sheep and goats sacrifice

prop my blushing years, and makes me bear
my burden of declining age . . .
and change. How unlike thy time,
make me ! But two suns,
y two, to gild the dim remains
departing day, and bless thy age,
h were curses to thee ! Witness, Heaven !
e cruel catalogue of pain
ity turns o'er, if there be one,
he to human tenderness
mortal child !

DAVID.

Oh ! my loved father !
Mayest thou live, in years and honours rich ;
and to communicate the joys,
and fond endearing charities,
happiness domestic ; Nature's best,
elliest gift, with which she well atones
ard boon of fortune.

JESSE.

Though war's proud ensigns stream
And all Philistia's swarming hosts
Opposed to royal Saul, beneath wh
My brothers lift the spear, I have i
My fleecy charge, by thee committ
To learn the various fortune of the

JESSE.

And wisely hast thou done. Thrice
Who shall submit one day to his co
Who can so well obey! Obedience
To certain honours. Not the tow
Of eagle-plumed ambition mounts
To fortune's highest summit as obe

[*A distant* .

But why that sudden ardour, O my
That trumpet's sound (though so re
We hardly catch the echo as it dies
Has roused the mantling crimson in
Kindled the martial spirit in thine
And my young shepherd feels an h

RIED

the place
erests, and uncultured plains
ertile vineyard; barren waste
pot once rich with luscious figs
ive.—Devastation reigns.
mples are the cavern'd dens
ts, or haunts of birds obscene;
: cities blacken in the sun;
eral wreck, proud palaces
shed, save by the dun smoke
igration. When the song
joy, with many a triumph swell'd,
r's ear, and soothes his pride,
eful harmony profaned
sonance of virgins' cries,
r brothers slain ? of matrons hoar,
wither'd hands, and fondly ask,
rill, their slaughter'd sons!
's verdure stain'd with blood,
idow's tears!

DAVID.

On, were the princely Jonathan in danger,
How would I die, well pleased, in his defence!
When, 'twas long since, then but a stripling boy,
I made short sojourn in his father's palace
(At first to sooth his troubled mind with song,
His armour-bearer next), I well remember
The gracious bounties of the gallant prince,
How would he sit, attentive to my strain,
While to my harp I sung the harmless joys
Which crown a shepherd's life! How would he cry
Bless'd youth! far happier in thy native worth,
Far richer in the talent Heaven has lent thee,
Than if a crown hung o'er thy anxious brow.
The jealous monarch marked our growing friendship
And as my favour grew with those about him,
His royal bounty lessen'd, till at length,
For Bethlehem's safer shades, I left the court.
Nor would these alter'd features now be known,
Grown into manly strength; nor this changed form
Enlarged with age, and clad in russet weed.

JESSE.

I have employment for thee, my loved son —

transport to behold the tented field,
A pointed spear, the blaze of shields and arms,
And all the proud accoutrements of war!
Oh! far dearer transport would it yield me,
If this right arm alone avenge the cause
Injured Israel! could my single death
serve the guiltless thousands doom'd to bleed!

JESSE.

Not thy youth be dazzled, O my son!
Deeds of bold emprise, as valour only
Virtue, and the gentle arts of peace,
Truth, and justice, were not worth thy care.
Thou shalt view the splendours of the war,
Thy caparison, the burnish'd shield,
The crown'd helmet, and the glittering spear,
Or the humble virtues of the shade,
Which Heaven views only with applause
Of merit and the busy toil
Of statesmen, and the bustling sons
Of care. These have their just reward
In honours, and the well

Or general retribution. — O my son!
The ostentatious virtues which still press
For notice and for praise; the brilliant deeds
Which live but in the eye of observation,
These have their meed at once. But there's
To the fond votaries of fame unknown,
To hear the still small voice of conscience spe
Its whispering plaudit to the silent soul.
Heaven notes the sigh afflicted goodness hea
Hears the low plaint by human ear unheard
And from the cheek of patient sorrow wipes
The tear, by mortal eye unseen or scorn'd.

DAVID.

As Hermon's dews their grateful freshness si
And cheer the herbage and the flowers anew
So do thy words a quickening balm infuse,
And grateful sink in my delighted soul.

JESSE,

Go then, my child! and may the gracious
Who bless'd our fathers, bless my much-love

DAVID.

Farewell, my father! — and of this be sure

..... from the jealous king,
octified us first, me and my sons;
nctity increased should still precede
se of dignity. When he declared
ne, commission'd from on High, to find,
; the sons of Jesse, Israel's king,
shment entranced my wondering soul !
as it not a wild tumultuous bliss ;
ash delight as promised honours yield
it vain minds; no, 'twas a doubtful joy,
sed by timorous virtue, lest a gift
ndid and so dangerous might destroy
was meant to raise. My eldest born,
all of stature, I presented ;
d, who judges not by outward form,
es the heart, forbade the holy prophet
se my eldest born. For Saul, he said,
roof that fair proportion, and the grace
or feature, ill repaid the want
ne. All my other sons alike
uel were rejected ; till, at last,
young boy, on David's chosen head,
phet pour'd the consecrated oil

ELIAS.

STILL is the event of this ion
Still do the adverse hosts on e
Protract, with lingering cani
Which must to one be fatal.

ABINADA

Thus to the very confines of :
Proclaims the sanguine hope
In Ephes-dammim boldly the
The uncircumcised Philistine
On Judah's hallow'd earth.

ELIAS

Has the insulting giant, pro
The champion of Philistia, fi
Some Israelitish foe. But v
To dare such force unequal !
On sure destruction, to acce

wisdom; to observe each word,
ify the venial faults of youth,
strue harmless mirth to foul offence.

Enter David.

DAVID,
my dearest brothers!

ELIAS.
Means thy greeting
e or arrogant scorn?

DAVID.
Oh, most true love!
s the precious ointment which bedew'd
red head of Aaron, and descended
s hallow'd vest; so sweet, my brothers,
fraternal amity; such love
touch'd bosom feels at your approach.

ELIAS.
at fine glozing speech, those holy saws,
that trick of studied sanctity,
oth-turn'd periods and trim eloquence,
charms thy doting father! But confess,
lost thou here? Is it to sooth thy pride,
stive thy vain desire to roam

With grace we ——
As suit his frugal fortune. T
Where the bold captain of yo

ELIAH

Wherefore inquire? what bo
Behold him there! great Ab

DAVII

I bring thee, mighty Abner,
(A simple shepherd swain is
Such humble gifts as shephe

ABNER

Thanks, gentle youth! with
The grateful offering. Wh
Thus wander with unsatisfie

DAV

New as I am to all the tra
Each sound has novelty; e
Attracts attention; every
A ——— confused emotions

iral art! some secret to prevent
on in thy flocks; some better means
their fleece immaculate. These mean arts
inglorious peace far better suit
obscurity, than thus to seek
ings pertaining to exploits of arms.

DAVID.

is I am, I will not answer thee.
inquires his own spirit, O my brother!
ie only conqueror.—Again
out mysterious. Pray you [*to Abner*], tell me
who
nd Philistine is, who sends defiance
el's hardy chieftains?

ABNER.

Stranger youth,
ly and so mild is thy demeanour,
le and so patient; such the air
lour and of courage which adorns
oming features, thou hast won my love;
will tell thee.

DAVID.

Mighty Abner, thanks.

ABNER.

The amplest oak, that spreads his rugged arms
In Bashan's groves, were small. About his neck
A shining corslet hangs. On his vast thigh
The plaited cuirass, firmly jointed, stands.
But who shall tell the wonders of his spear,
And hope to gain belief! Of massive iron
Its temper'd frame; not less than the broad beam
To which the busy weaver hangs his loom:
Not to be wielded by a mortal hand
Save by his own. An armour-bearer walks
Before this mighty champion, in his hand
Bearing the giant's shield. Thrice every morn
His herald sounds the trumpet of defiance!
Offering at once to end the long-drawn war
In single combat, 'gainst that hardy foe
Who dares encounter him.

DAVID.

Say, mighty Abner,
What are the haughty terms of his defiance?

ABNER.

Proudly he stalks around the extremest bounds
Of Elah's vale. His herald sounds the note
Of offer'd battle. Then the furious giant,
With such a voice as from the troubled sky
In volumn'd thunder breaks, thus sends his challenge.
' Why do you set your battle in array,
Ye men of Israel? Wherefore waste the lives
Of needless thousands? Why protract a war
Which may at once be ended? Are not you
Servants to Saul, your king? and am not I,
With triumph let me speak it, a Philistine?
Choose out a man from all your armed hosts,
Of courage most approved, and I will meet him;
His single arm to mine. The event of this
Shall fix the fate of Israel and Philistia.
If victory favour him, then will we live
Your tributary slaves; but if my arm
Be crown'd with conquest, you shall then live to
Give me a man, if your effeminate bands
A man can boast. Your armies I defy!

DAVID.

What shall be done to him who shall subdue
his vile idolater?

ABNER.

He shall receive
such ample bounties, such profuse rewards,
as might inflame the bold, or warm the coward,
Were not the odds so desperate.

DAVID.

Say, what are they?

ABNER.

The royal Saul has promised that bold hero,
Who should encounter and subdue Goliath,
All dignity and favour; that his house
Shall be set free from tribute, and ennobled
With the first honours Israel has to give.
And for the gallant conqueror himself,
No less a recompence than the fair princess,
Our monarch's peerless daughter.

DAVID.

Beauteous Michal!

It is indeed a boon which kings might strive for,
And has none answer'd yet this bold defiance?
What! all this goodly host of Israelites!
God's own peculiar people! all afraid
To assert God's injured honour and their own?
Where is the king, who in his early youth
Wrought deeds of fame? Where princely Jonathan?
Not so the gallant youth Philistia fear'd
At Bozez and at Seneh; when the earth
Shook from her deep foundations, to behold
The wondrous carnage of his single hand
On the uncircumcised. When he exclaim'd,
With glorious confidence, ' Shall numbers awe me?
God will protect his own: with him to save,
It boots not, friends, by many or by few.'
*This was a hero? Why does he delay
to meet this boaster? For thy courtesy,*

* *I Samuel xiv.*

Thrice noble Abner, I am bound to thank thee!
Would'st thou complete thy generous offices?
I dare not ask it.

ABNER.

Speak thy wishes free;
My soul inclines to serve thee.

DAVID.

Then, O Abner,
Conduct me to the king. There is a cause
Will justify this boldness.

ELIAH.

Braggad, hold!

ABNER.

I take thee at thy word; and will, with speed,
Conduct thee to my royal master's presence.
In yonder tent the anxious monarch waits
The event of this day's challenge.

DAVID.

Noble Abner,
Accept my thanks. Now to thy private ear,
If so thy grace permit, I will unfold
My secret soul, and ease my labouring breast,
Which pants with high designs, and beats for glory.

PART III.

SCENE—*Saul's Tent.*

SAUL.

WHY was I made a king? what I have gain'd
In envied greatness and uneasy power,
I've lost in peace of mind, in virtue lost!
Why did deceitful transports tire my soul,
When Samuel plac'd upon my youthful brow
The crown of Israel? I had known content,
Nay happiness, if happiness unmix'd
To mortal man were known, had I still lived
Among the humble tents of Benjamin.

loving their virtues too; but 'tis a love
Which jealousy has poison'd. Jonathan
Was all a father's fondness could conceive
Of amiable and good—Of that no more!
He is too popular; the people dote
Upon the ingenuous graces of his youth.
Wor'd popularity! which makes a father
Forget the merit of a son he loves.
How did their fond idolatry, perforce,
Sue his sentenced life, when doom'd by lot
To perish at Beth-aven,* for the breach
Of strict injunction, that of all my bands
But one that day should taste of food and live?
Subjects clamour at this tedious war;
Of my num'rous armed chiefs, not one
Had courage to engage this man of Gath,
Or a champion bold enough to face
A giant-boaster, whose repeated threats
Broke through my inmost soul! There was a time—
That no more!—I am not what I was.
Would valiant Jonathan accept the challenge,
And but increase his influence.

"Was heard attentive, and the astonish'd through
Wondering, exclaim'd,—' Is Saul among the
prophets?'

Where's that bold arm which quell'd the Amal
And nobly spared fierce Agag and his flocks?
'Tis past! the light of Israel now is quench'd;
Shorn of his beams, my sun of glory sets!
Rise Moab, Edom, angry Ammon rise!
Come Gaza! Ashdod come! let Ekron boast,
And Askalon rejoice, for Saul is—nothing.

ABNER.

I bring thee news, O king!

SAUL.

My valiant uncle!
What can avail thy news? A soul oppress'd
Refuses still to bear the charmer's voice,
Howe'er enticingly he charms. What news
Can soothe my sickly soul, while Gath's fell giant
Repeats each morning to my frighten'd hosts
His daring challenge, none accepting it?

his sing^{ing} gravity : or rather tell me
age, or weak believing women ;
hate'er is marvellous, and dote
odigious and incredible,
r sense rejects. I laugh to think
ravagance. A shepherd's boy
him whom nations dread to meet !

ABNER.

When peculiar to high birth ?
I need know, scornful king,

-----, mighty king! -----

DAVID.

ABNER
Behold th

SAUL.
Art thou the youth whose high
Aspires to meet the giant son o

If so the king permit. DAVID.

SAUL.

Impo
Why, what experience has thy y
Where, stripling, didst thou leari
Beneath what hoary veteran hast
What feats hast thou achieved, w
What well-ranged phalanx, say, w
What hard campaigns, what siege
Hast thou e'er scaled the city's ran
Or hurl'd the missile dart, or learn
The warrior's deathful snea-
Of helm - - -

by Fortune, and to Fame unknown;
hepherd swain of Juda's tribe:
ness ever springs from low beginnings.

Nile thou mention'st, whose broad stream
itfulness and health through many a clime,
unknown, penurious, scanty source
rst rise. The forest oak, which shades
y troops in many a toilsome march,
unheeded acorn lay. O king!
r begins can never aught achieve
is. Thou thyself wast once unknown,
ccasion brought thy worth to light.
r views inspire my youthful heart
han praise: I seek to vindicate
ted honour of the God I serve.

ABNER.

said.

SAUL.

I love thy spirit, youth:
not trust thy inexperienced arm
giant's might. The sight of blood,
ave thou feel'st when peril is not nigh,
thy ardent cheek.

... away, even with a
That wak'd the echoes of the mount:
Nor did his grim associate 'scape me:
Thy servant slew the lion and the bear;
I kill'd them both, and bore their skins
In triumph home: and shall I fear
The uncircumcised Philistine! No:
Who saved me from the bear's destruction
And hungry lion's jaw, will not he save
From this idolater?

SAUL.

He said,
Go, noble youth! be valiant and be bold;
The God thou serv'st will shield thee
And nerve thy arm with more than manly

ABNER.

So the bold Nazarite,* a lion slew:
An earnest of his victories o'er Philistines.

SAUL.

Go. Ah now - see the - - - - -

Twould but encumber one who never felt
The weight of armour.

SAUL.

Take thy wish, my son :
Thy sword then, and the God of Jacob, guard thee !

PART IV.

SCENE.—*Another part of the Camp.*

DAVID (*kneeling.*)

ETERNAL Justice ! in whose awful scale
The event of battle hangs ! Eternal Truth !
Whose beam illumines all ! Eternal Mercy !
If by thy attributes I may, unblamed,
Address thee ; Lord of Glory ! hear me now ;
Oh teach these hands to war, these arms to fight !
Thou ever-present help in time of need !
Let thy broad mercy, as a shield defend,
And let thine everlasting arm support me !
Strong in thy strength, in thy protection safe,
Then though the heathen rage, I shall not fear.
JEROVAN, be my buckler ! Mighty Lord !
Thou who hast deign'd by humble instruments
To manifest the wonders of thy might,
Be present with me now ! 'Tis thine own cause !
Thy wisdom sees events, thy goodness plans
Schemes, baffling our conceptions—and 'tis still
Omnipotence which executes the deed
Of high design, though by a feeble arm !
I feel a secret impulse drive me on ;
And my soul springs impatient for the fight !
'Tis not the heated spirits, or warm blood
Of sanguine youth, with which my bosom burns ;
And, though I thirst to meet th' insulting foe,
and pant for glory, 'tis not, witness Heaven,
not the sinful lust of fading fame,
a perishable praise of mortal man ;
praise I covet whose applause is Life.

DAVID.
He who
Shall boldly stand before the face of k
And shall not be ashamed,

ELIAH.

But what w
Has urged thee to this deed of desperate
Thou mean'st, so I have learn'd, to meet
His single arm to thine.

DAVID.

'Tis what I pi
E'en on this spot. Each moment I expect
His wished approach.

ELIAH.

Go home; return, for
Nor madly draw destruction on thy head,
Thy doting father, when thy shepherd's coat,
Drench'd in thy blood, is brought him, will la
And rend his furrow'd cheek, and silver hair,
As if some mighty loss had touch'd his age;
And mourn, even as the partial patriarch mo
When Joseph's bloody garment he
From his less dear, not i
ELIAH.

DAVID.

And what is death?

ible to die, my brother?
 terrible, is it for that
 inevitable? If indeed
 by stratagem elude the blow,
 ne high duty calls us forth to die,
 for ever shun it and escape
 ernal lot,—then fond self-love,
 itious prudence, boldly might produce
 ie-spun arguments, their learned harangues,
 ob-web arts, their phrase sophistical,
 uble doubts, and all the specious trick
 ish cunning labouring for its end.
 nce, howe'er protected, death will come,
 fondly study with ingenious pains,
 it it off?—To breathe a little longer
 defer our fate, but not to shun it.

If gain! which Wisdom with indifferent eye
 ools. Why wish to drink the bitter dregs
 life's exhausted chalice, whose last runnings,
 en at the best, are vapid? Why not die
 / Heaven so will) in manhood's opening bloom,
 hen all the flush of life is gay about us;
 hen sprightly youth, with many a new-born joy
 elicits every sense? so may we then
 resent a sacrifice, unmeet indeed,
 h, how unmeet!) but less unworthy far,
 han the world's leavings; than a worn-out heart,
 y vice enfeebled, and by vain desire
 unk and exhausted!

ELIAH.

Hark! I hear a sound
 f multitudes approaching!

DAVID.

'Tis the giant!
 see him not, but hear his measured pace.

ELIAH.

It, where his ponderous shield is borne before him'

... near; thy accents are not broken
Thy cheek retains its red; thine eye its lustre
He comes more near! Dost thou not fear him?

DAVID.

No. The vast colossal statue nor inspires
Respect nor fear. Mere magnitude of form,
Without proportioned intellect and valour,
Strikes not my soul with reverence or with awe.

ELIAH.

Near and more near he comes! I hold it ready
To stay so near him, and expose a life
Which may hereafter serve the state. Farewell!

[GOLIATH advances, clad in armour. One bear
Shield precedes him. The two Armies in
stance drawn up on opposite sides.

GOLIATH.

Where is the mighty man of war, who dares
Accept the challenge?

~~up~~ the battle straight.

[Herald sounds the trumpet.

DAVID.

Behold thy foe !

GOLIATH.

I am not.

DAVID.

Behold him here !

GOLIATH.

my sight. I do not war with boys. Say where !

DAVID.

prepared ; thy single arm to mine.

GOLIATH.

This is mockery, minion ! it may chance
thee dear. Sport not with things above thee !
me who of all this numerous host

*inking, I dare meet the stoutes
That ever bath'd his hostile spear in*

GOLIATH (*ironically*)
Indeed ! 'tis wondrous well. Now, b
The stripling plays the orator ! Vain i
Keep close to that same bloodless war
And thou shalt still be safe. Tongue-v
Where is thy sylvan crook, with garla
Of idle field-flowers ? where thy wanto
Thou dainty-finger'd hero ? better strike
Its notes lascivious, or the lulling lute
Touch softly, than provoke the trumpet
I will not stain the honour of my spear
With thy inglorious blood. Shall that
Be scarred with wounds unseemly ? Rat
And hold fond dalliance with the Syrian
To wanton measures dance, and let them
The bright luxuriance of thy golden hair ;
They for their lost Adonis may mistake
Thy dainty form.

DAVID.

Of safety and success, was tamely lost !
 And yet not tamely, since by me 'twas won.
 When with this good right arm I thinn'd your ranks,
 And bravely crush'd beneath a single blow,
 The chosen guardians of this vaunted shrine,
 Hophni* and Phineas. The famed ark itself
 I bore to Ashdod.

DAVID.

I remember too,
 Since thou provok'st th' unwelcome truth, how all
 Your blushing priests beheld their idol's shame ;
 When prostrate Dagon fell before the ark,
 And your frail god was shiver'd. Then Philistia,
 Idolatrous Philistia, flew for succour
 To Israel's help ; and all her smitten nobles
 Confess'd the Lord was God ; and the bless'd ark,
 Gladly, with reverential awe, restored.

GOLIATH.

By Ashdod's fane, thou liest. Now will I meet thee,
 Thou insect warrior, since thou dar'st me thus !
 Already I behold thy mangled limbs,
 Dissever'd each from each, ere long to feed
 The fierce blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well :
 Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,
 And toss in air thy head all gash'd with wounds,
 Thy lip yet quivering with the dire convulsion
 Of recent death !—art thou not terrified ?

DAVID.

No :—

True courage is not moved by breath of words :
 While the rash bravery of boiling blood,
 Impetuous, knows no settled principle,
 A feverish tide, it has its ebbs and flows,
 As spirits rise, or fall, as wine inflames,
 Or circumstances change : but inborn courage,
 The generous child of Fortitude and Faith,
 Holds its firm empire in the constant soul ;

* Commentators say that the Chaldee Paraphrase makes Goliath boast that he had killed Hophni and Phineas, and taken them prisoner.

DAVID.

Ha! say'st thou so? Come on then. Mark
Thou com'st to me with sword, and spear, an
In the dread name of Israel's God I come;
The living Lord of Hosts, whom thou defy'st
Yet though no shield I bring, no arms except
These five smooth stones I gather'd from the
With such a simple sling as shepherds use,—
Yet all exposed, defenceless as I am,
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey
To my victorious arm. This day I mean
To make the uncircumcised tribes confess
There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,
Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk
To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone;
The mangled carcasses of your thick hosts
Shall spread the plains of Elah, till Philistia
Through all her trembling tents and flying b
Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!
—I dare thee to the trial.

GOLIATH.

Follow me—

In this good spear I trust.

rat I knew the black and midnight arts
ard sorcery! that I could call
umbering spirits from the shades of hell;
e Chaldean sages, could foreknow
ent of things unacted! I might then
nate my fortune. How I'm fallen!
art of vain chimeras, the weak slave
r and fancy; coveting to know
ts obscene, which foul diviners use,
blood and moping melancholy lead
ful superstition—that fell fiend,
withering charms blast the fair bloom of
virtue.

id my wounded pride with scorn reject
iolesome truths which holy Samuel told me?
rive him from my presence? he might now
ny sunk soul, and my benighted mind
ten with religion's cheering ray.
'd to menace me with loss of empire;
for that bold honesty, dismissed him,
er shall possess thy throne,' he cried:
nger!" This unwelcome prophecy
ed my crown, and strewed my couch, with
ay of opening merit I discern [thorns.
ad or foe, distracts my troubled soul,
~~I should prove my rival~~ But this man

Those shouts proclaim it! Now, O God of Jacob,
 If yet thou hast not quite withdrawn from Saul
 Thy light and favour, prosper me this once!
 But Abner comes! I dread to hear his tale!
 Fair Hope, with smiling face but ling'ring foot,
 Has long deceived me.

ABNER.

King of Israel, hail!

Now thou art king indeed. The youth has conquer'd
 Goliath's dead.

SAUL.

Oh speak thy tale again,
 Lest my fond ears deceive me!

ABNER.

Thy young champion
 Has slain the giant.

SAUL.

Then God is gracious still,
 In spite of my offences! But, good Abner,
 How was it? Tell me all. Where is my champion?
 Quick let me press him to my grateful heart,
 And pay him a king's thanks. And yet, who know
 This forward friend may prove an active foe!
 No more of that. Tell me the whole, brave Abner;
 And paint the glorious acts of my young hero!

ABNER.

Full in the centre of the camp they stood!
 The opposing armies ranged on either side
 In proud array. The haughty giant stalk'd
 Stately across the valley. Next, the youth
 With modest confidence advanc'd. Nor pomp,
 Nor gay parade, nor martial ornament,
 His graceful form adorn'd. Goliath straight,
 With solemn state, began the busy work
 Of dreadful preparation. In one place
 His closely jointed mail an opening left
 For air, and only one: the watchful youth
 Mark'd that the beaver of his helm was up.
 Meanwhile the giant such a blow devis'd

perceived,
sting quick hurl'd;
sign, a stone, which sunk, deep lodg'd,
spacious forehead of the foe.
With a cry, as loud and terrible
as lions roaring for their young,
tum'd, the furious giant stagger'd, reel'd,
t: the mighty mass of man fell prone.
Own weight his shatter'd bulk was bruis'd;
ring arms rung dreadful thro' the field,
firm basis of the solid earth [gods,
Chok'd with blood and dust, he curs'd his
blaspheming! Straight the victor youth
out its sheath the giant's pond'rous sword,
a the enormous trunk the gory head,
a death, he sever'd. The grim visage
resting still, and still frown'd horribly.

SAUL.
deed! O valiant conqueror!

ABNER.
So calm appear'd, so nobly firm,
so intrepid, that these eyes
such temperate valour so chastised

SAUL.

My glorious champion ! My deliverer,
How shall I speak the swelling gratitud
Of my full heart ! or give thee the high
Thy gallant deeds deserve !

DAVID.

O migh
Sweet is the breath of praise, when given
Whose own high merit claims the praise
But let not this one prosperous event,
By Heaven directed, be ascrib'd to me ;
I might have fought with equal skill and
And not have gain'd this conquest ; then
Harsh obloquy, and foul disgrace, befall'n
But prosp'rous fortune gains the praise of

SAUL.

I like not this. In every thing superior
He soars above me (*Aside*).—Modest yout
And fortune, as thou say'st, deserves the p
We give to human valour.

DAVID.

The C. 3 . . .

Rather . . .

SAUL.

This the modest youth
is skill and virtues, I prefer'd
Armour ?

DAVID.

I am he, O king !

SAUL.

Reckon't tell me, valiant David,
ou hide thy birth and name till now ?

DAVID.

uld not aught from favour claim,
er'd services presume ;
ngth of my own actions stand,
unsupported.

ABNER.

Well he merits
ich await him. Why, O king,
to bless his doubting heart
ra'd rewards, thy lowe¹—

This merry sound of tabret and of harp !
 What mean these idle instruments of triumph ?
 These women, who in fair procession move,
 Making sweet melody ?

ABNER,

To pay due honour
 To David are they come.

SAUL (*Aside*).

A rival's praise

Is discord to my ear ! They might have spar'd
 This idle pageantry ; it wounds my soul !

[*Martial Symphony* ; after which, *Chorus of Women singing*.

Prepare ! your festal rites prepare !
 Let your triumphs rend the air !
 Idol gods shall reign no more :
 We the living Lord adore !
 Let heathen hosts on human helps repose,
 Since Israel's God has routed Israel's foes.

Let remotest nations know
 Proud Goliath's overthrow.
 Fall'n, Philistia, is thy trust,
 Dagon mingles with the dust !
 Who fears the Lord of Glory, need not fear
 The brazen armour, or the lifted spear.

See, the routed squadrons fly !
 Hark ! their clamours rend the sky !
 Blood and carnage stain the field !
 See, the vanquish'd nations yield !
 Dismay and terror fill the frighten'd land,
 While conq'ring David routs the trembling band.

Lo ! upon the tented field
 Royal Saul has thousands kill'd !
 Lo ! upon the ensanguin'd plain
 David has ten thousands slain !
 Let mighty Saul his vanquish'd thousands tell,
 While tenfold triumphs David's victories swell.

B E L S H A Z Z A R,
A SACRED DRAMA,

art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the
E! How art thou cut down to the ground, who didst
the nations.—Isaiah,

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

BELSHAZZAR, King of Babylon.

NITOCRIS, the Queen-Mother.

Courtiers, Astrologers, Parasites.

DANIEL, the Jewish Prophet.

Castiglione, Leno, &c. &c.

P A R T I.

Near the Palace of Babylon.

Daniel and captive Jews.

DANIEL.

: and Light! Sole Source of Good!
mercies through the tide of time,
ive order, have sustain'd;
sons of Israel! Thou, whose power
sons Noah from the flood,
flood, the grave of humankind!
guardian care and outstretch'd hand
Isaac from the uplifted arm,
idding, to devote a son,
om'd by his sire to die:
, by such obedience proved,
ce, hallowed thus by faith!)
mercy savedst the chosen race
ert, and didst there sustain them
king love, though they rebell'd

—
Two immortal bidding both stood still:
'Twas Joshua's word, but 'twas Jehovah's will.
What all-controlling hand had force
To stop eternal Nature's constant course?
The wandering moon to one fix'd spot confine,
But his whose fiat gave them first to shine?

DANIEL.

O Thou! who, when thy discontented host,
Tired of Jehovah's rule, desired a king,
In anger gav'st them Saul: and then again
Didst wrest the regal sceptre from his hand
To give it David—David best beloved!
Illustrious David! poet, prophet, king;
Thou who didst suffer Solomon, the wise,
To build a glorious temple to thy name,—
Oh, hear thy servants, and forgive us too!
If by severe necessity compell'd
We worship here—we have no temple now:
Altar or sanctuary, none is left.

—
—

...y deed inhabit here ?
...heaven of heavens beneath his feet,
for the bright inhabitant unmeet:
angels prostrate wait his high commands,
d will he deign to dwell in temples made with
hands ?

DANIEL.

Thou art ever present, Power Supreme !
circumscribed by time, nor fix'd to space,
lived to altars, nor to temples bound.
ealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
ngeons or in thrones, the faithful find thee!
in the burning cauldron thou wast near
adruck and the holy brotherhood;
hurt martyrs bless'd thee in the flames;
ought, and found thee: call'd and thou wast
there.

First JEW.

Anged our state ! Judah, thy glory's fallen,
for bard captivity exchanged;
sad sons breathe the polluted air
on, where deities obscene
living God; and to his servants,
s of wretched idols, made with hands,
tumelious scorn.

... Euphrates ever-verdant banks,
Where drooping willows form a mournful shade
With all the pride which prosperous fortunes
And all the unfeeling mirth of happy men,
The insulting Babylonians ask a song;
Such songs as erst in better days were sung
By Korah's sons, or Heaven-taught Asaph set
To loftiest measures: then our bursting heart
Feel all their woes afresh; the galling chain
Of bondage crushes then the free-born soul
With writhing anguish; from the trembling lip
The unfinish'd cadence falls; and the big tear,
While it relieves, betrays the woe-fraught soul
For who can view Euphrates' pleasant stream,
Its drooping willows, and its verdant banks,
And not to wounded memory recall
The piny groves of fertile Palestine,
The vales of Solyma, and Jordan's stream.

DANIEL.

Firm faith and deep submission to high Heaven
Will teach us to endure, without a murmur,
What seems so hard. Think what the last

Behold yon palace,
a proud Belshazzar keeps his wanton court !
sw it once beneath another lord,
grandsire,* who subdu'd Jehoiachin,
hither brought sad Judah's captive tribes ;
with them brought the rich and precious relics
ur fam'd temple : all the holy treasure,
golden vases, and the sacred cups,
ch grac'd, in happier times, the sanctuary.

Second JEW.

He, to whose blest use they were devoted,
erve them from pollution ; and once more,
is own gracious time, restore the temple !

DANIRL.

ith some favour'd youths of Jewish race,
lodg'd in the king's palace, and instructed
ll the various learning of the East;
He, on whose great name our fathers call'd,
erv'd us from the perils of a court,
rd us to guard our youthful appetites,
still with holy fortitude reject
pamp'ring viands luxury presented ;
luxury ! more perilous to youth
n storms or quicksands. poverty or chains.

DANIEL.

Twice,* by the Spirit of God, did I expound
 The visions of the king; his soul was touch'd,
 And twice did he repent, and prostrate fall
 Before the God of Daniel: yet again,
 Pow'r, flatt'ry, and prosperity undid him,
 When, from the lofty ramparts of his palace,
 He view'd the splendours of the royal city,
 That magazine of wealth, which proud Euphrates
 Wafts from each distant corner of the earth;
 When he beheld the adamantine towers,
 The brazen gates, the bulwarks of his strength,
 The pendent gardens, art's stupendous work,
 The wonder of the world! the proud Chaldean,
 Mad with the intoxicating fumes which rise,
 When uncontroll'd ambition grasps at once
 Dominion absolute and boundless wealth,
 Forgot he was a man, forgot his God!
 'This mighty Babylon is mine,' he cried;
 'My wond'rous pow'r, my godlike arm achiev'd it.
 I scorn submission; own no Deity
 Above my own.'—While the blasphemer spoke,
 The wrath of Heav'n inflicted instant vengeance;
 Stripp'd him of that bright reason he abus'd,
 And drove him from the cheerful haunts of men,
 A naked, wretched, helpless, senseless, thing;
 Companion of the brutes, his equals now.

First JEW.

Nor does his impious grandson, proud Belshazzar,
 Fall short of his offences; nay, he wants
 The valiant spirit and the active soul
 Of his progenitor; for pleasure's slave,
 Though bound in silken chains, and only tied
 In flow'ry fetters, seeming light and loose,
 Is more subdu'd than the rash casual victim
 Of anger or ambition; these indeed
 Burn with a fiercer but a short-liv'd fire;
 While pleasure with a constant flame consumes.
 War slays her thousands, but destructive pleasure,

* Daniel ii. and iii.

wine inflames,
poppies o'er his couch,
delicious opiates charms him down,
slumbers bound. Though Babylon
invested by the warlike troops
of Cyrus, Persia's valiant prince;
in conjunction with the Median king,
fam'd for conquest, now prepares
the city: nor the impending horrors
ever wait a siege, have pow'r to wake
but or sense the intoxicated king.

DANIEL.
A night of universal dread,
many threatening at the gates;
bright, as if in scorn of danger,
Belshazzar holds a feast
impious, meant to honour
v'rite Babylonish idol.
He compose his wanton court,
flatters sooth his monstrous crime,
vices, and extol
ruse, as if

Not fam'd Semiramis, Assyria's pride,
 Could boast a brighter mind or firmer soul;
 Beneath the gentle reign of Merodach,*
 Her royal lord, our nation tasted peace.
 Our captive monarch, sad Jehoiachin,
 Grown gray in a close prison's horrid gloom,
 He freed from bondage; brought the hoary king
 To taste once more the long-forgotten sweets
 Of liberty and light, sustain'd his age,
 Pour'd in his wounds the lenient balm of kindness,
 And blest his setting hour of life with peace.

[*Sound of trumpets is heard at a distance*

First JEW.

That sound proclaims the banquet is begun.

Second JEW.

Hark! the licentious uproar grows more loud,
 The vaulted roof resounds with shouts of mirth,
 And the firm palace shakes! Retire, my friends,
 This madness is not meet for sober ears.
 If any of our race were found so near,
 'Twould but expose us to the rude attack
 Of ribaldry obscene, and impious jests,
 From these mad sons of Belial, more inflam'd
 To deeds of riot by the wanton feast.

DANIEL.

Here part we then! but when again to meet,
 Who knows, save Heaven. Yet, O my friends! I feel
 An impulse more than human stir my breast:
 Rapt in prophetic vision,† I behold
 Things hid as yet from mortal sight. I see
 The dart of vengeance tremble in the air,
 Ere long to pierce the impious king. Even now
 The desolating angel stalks abroad,
 And brandishes aloft the two-edged sword
 Of retribution keen; he soon will strike,
 And Babylon shall weep as Sion wept.
 Pass but a little while, and you shall see
 This queen of cities prostrate on the earth.

* 2 Kings xxv.

† See the Prophecies of Isaiah, chap. xlvii. and others.

queen, shall fall !
S^olooman robes shall grace thy limbs,
purple garments sackloth shall succeed !
sordid dust and ashes shall supply
odorous nard and cassia. Thou, who said'st
and there is none beside me ; thou,
thou, imperial Babylon, shall fall !
lory quite eclips'd ! The pleasant sound
of harp shall charm no more :
ng of Syrian damsels shall be heard,
usive to the lute's luxurious note :
loud bittern's cry, the raven's croak,
's fell scream, the lonely owl's dull plaint,
ry hideous bird, with ominous shriek,
are affrighted silence from thy walls :
solation, snatching from the hand
the scythe of ruin, sits aloft,
in dreadful majesty abroad.
exterminating fiend advance,
I see her glare with horrid joy ;
s imperial mouldering at her touch ;
es on the broken battlement ;
the crumbling column, and enjoys
of ages prostrate in the dust :—
ing to the mischiefs she has made,
ties, ' This once was Babylon !'

BELSHAZZAR.

Second COURTIER.

Belshazzar, live for ever!

Third COURTIER.

Sun of the world, and light of kings, all hail!

Fourth COURTIER.

With lowly reverence, such as best becomes
 The humblest creatures of imperial power,
 Behold a thousand nobles bend before thee!
 Princes far fam'd, and dames of high descent;
 Yet all this pride of wealth, this boast of beauty,
 Shrinks into nought before thine awful eye!
 And lives or dies, as the king frowns or smiles!

BELSHAZZAR.

This is such homage as becomes your love,
 And suits the mighty monarch of mankind.

First COURTIER.

The bending world should prostrate thus before th.
 And pay not only praise but adoration!

BELSHAZZAR (*rises and comes forward*).

Let dull philosophy preach self-denial;
 Let envious poverty and snarling age
 Proudly declaim against the joys they know not.
 Let the deluded Jews, who fondly hope
 Some fancied heaven hereafter, mortify,
 And lose the actual blessings of this world,
 To purchase others which may never come.
 Our gods may promise less, but give us more.
 Ill could my ardent spirit be content
 With meagre abstinence and hungry hope.
 Let those misjudging Israelites, who want
 The nimble spirits and the active soul,
 Call their blunt feelings virtue, let them drudge,
 In regular progression, through the round
 Of formal duty and of daily toil;
 And when they want the genius to be happy,
 Believe their harsh austerity is goodness.
 If there be gods, they meant we should enjoy.
 Why give us else these tastes and appetites?
 And why the means to crown them with inde-

banquet which the gods might share!

BELSHAZZAR.

-night my friends, your monarch shall be blest
with every various joy; to-night is ours;
nor shall the envious gods, who view our bliss,
be sicken as they view, to-night disturb us.
All the richest spices of the East;
odorous cassia and the drooping myrrh,
liquid amber and the fragrant gums,
Gilead of its balms, Belshazzar bids;
leave the Arabian groves without an odour.
freshest flowers, exhaust the blooming spring,
the green myrtle with the short-liv'd rose,
ever, as the blushing garland fades,
learn to snatch the fugitive delight,
asp the flying joy ere it escape us.
-fill the smiling goblet for the king;
nazar will not let a moment pass
ted by some enjoyment! The full bowl
ry guest partake!

[Courtiers kneel and drink.]

First COURTIER.

Here's to the king!
and the world and glory of the

— world, whose gaze makes half the c.
greatness;

They nothing knew of empire but the na
Or saw it in the looks of trembling slaves
And all they felt of royalty was care.
But I will see and know it of myself;
Youth, wealth, and greatness, court me to
And power, and pleasure draw with equal
And sweet attraction : both I will embrace
In quick succession ; this is pleasure's day,
Ambition will have time to reign hereafter
It is the proper appetite of age.
The lust of power shall lord it uncontrolled
When all the generous feelings grow obtus
And stern dominion holds with rigid hand
His iron rein, and sits and sways alone.
But youth is pleasure's hour !

First COURTIER.

Perish the s
Who with officious counsel, would oppose
The king's desire, whose slightest wish is la

BELSHAZZAR.

Now strike the loud-toned —

A SACRED DRAMA.

72

Yet not at first such soul-dissolving strains
As melt the soften'd sense; but such bold measures
As may inflame my spirit to despise
The ambitious Persian; that presumptuous boy,
Who rashly dares e'en now invest our city,
And menaces the invincible Belshazzar.

(*A grand concert of Music, after which an Ode.*)

In vain shall Persian Cyrus dare
With great Belshazzar wage unequal war:
In vain Darius shall combine,
Darius, leader of the Median line;
While fair Euphrates' stream our wall protects,
And great Belshazzar's self our fate directs.
War and famine threat in vain,
While this demi-god shall reign!
Let Persia's prostrate king confess his power,
And Media's monarch dread his vengeful hour.

On Dura's* ample plain behold
Immortal Belus,† whom the nations own;
Sublime he stands in burnish'd gold,
And richest offerings his bright altars crown.
To-night his deity we here adore,
And due libations speak his mighty power.
Yet Belus' self not more we own
Than great Belshazzar on Chaldea's throne.
Great Belshazzar like a god,
Rules the nations with a nod!
To great Belshazzar be the goblet crown'd!
Belshazzar's name the echoing roofs rebound!

BELSHAZZAR.

Enough! the kindling rapture fires my brain,
And my heart dances to the flattering sounds.

* Daniel iii.

† See a very fine description of the temple of this idol.

The towering fauce

Of Bel, Chaldean Jove, surpassing far
That Doric temple, which the Elean chiefs
Raised to their thunderer from the spoils of war;
Or that Ionic, where the Ephesian bow'd
To Diana, queen of Heaven. Eight towers arise
Each above each, immeasurable height,
A monument at once of eastern pride,
And slavish superstition, &c.—*Judah Restored.*

They were but men : nay, some wi
Though now rever'd as gods. Whi
Whom Egypt's sapient sons adore
And shall not I, young, valiant, ar
Dare more ? do more ? exceed the
Of my progenitors ?—Fill me more
To cherish and exalt the young ide
Ne'er did Olympian Jupiter himse
Quaff such immortal draughts.

First COURTIER

What c

That heaven in hope, that nothing
That air-built bliss of the deluded
That promised land of milk and fle
What could that fancy'd Paradise
To match these generous juices ?

BELSHAZZAR.

Thou hast roused a thought. B
enjoy it ;
A glorious thought ! which will e
The pleasures of the banquet, and
A yet untasted relish of delight.

d in Babylon ? graced Nebuzar's triumph,

First COURTIER.

O king ! they were —

Second COURTIER.

with superstitious awe, behold
symbols of their ancient faith :
tivity abated aught
d love they bear these holy relics.
leride their law, and scorn their persons;
we we yet to human use
e rich vessels, set apart
poses.

BELSHAZZAR.

I joy to hear it !
n hither. They shall grace our banquet.
ir? Belshazzar disobey'd ?
ve? Whence comes this strange
unce ?
reverence for the helpless Jews,
re those who can't revenge it ?
ed treasury in haste,
bronsh + .

Than the cold shrine of an unhee

BELSHAZZAR.

Fill me that massy goblet to the b
Now, Abraham! let thy wretched
The fable of their race to be fulfill
Their second temple and their pros
Now will they see the God they vi
Is impotent to help ; for had he po
To hear and grant their prayer, he
This profanation.

[*As the King is going to drink, he starts from the throne, and writes on the Wall these words, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. He lets go of the goblet, and stands in an attitude of alarm. All start and seem terrified.*]

First COURTIER (after a lo

Oh transce

Second COURTIER.

What may this mean. The king is

Third COURTIER.

Now is it

fantastic images; what are yet
shadows, speak! Explain your dark intent!
not answer me—Alas! I feel
mortal now—My failing limbs
o bear me up. I am no god;
not tremble thus—Support me; hold me;
osen'd joints, these knees which smite each
other,
I'm but a man—a weak one too.

First COURTIER.

'tis passing strange, and full of horror,

BELSHAZZAR.

the learn'd magicians, every sage
als in wizard spells and magic charms.

[*Some go out.*

First COURTIER.

res my lord the king?

BELSHAZZAR.

Am I a king?
ower have I! Ye lying slaves, I am not.
l-distracting sight! but is it real?
s 'tis fancy all, or the wild dream
distemperature, the fumes of wine!
upon't no more!—So—now I'm well!
king again, and know not fear:
t my eyes will seek that fatal spot,
dly dwell upon the sight that blasts them!
'tis there! it is not Fancy's work—
still! 'tis written on the wall!
e writing, but the viewless writer,
what is he? Oh, horror! horror! horror!
ot be the God of these poor Jews;
at is he, that he can thus afflict?

Second COURTIER.

my lord the king be thus dismay'd.

Third COURTIER.

phantom, an illusive shade,
e pence of him who rules the world.

BELSHAZZAR.

No more, ye wretched sycophants! no more!
 The sweetest note which flattery now can strike,
 Harsh and discordant grates upon my soul!
 Talk not of power to sue or fail of fear,
 So weak, so impotent! Look on that wall;
 If there wouldst soothe my soul, explain the writing
 And thou shalt be my oracle, my god!
 Oh, tell me whence it came, and what it means,
 And I'll believe I am again a king!
 Friends, princes, ease my troubled breast, and say,
 What do the mystic characters portend?

FIRST COURTESY.

'Tis not in us, O king, to ease thy spirit;
 We are not skill'd in those mysterious arts
 Which wait the midnight studies of the sage;
 But of the deep divinities thou shalt learn,
 The wise astrologers, the sage magicians,
 Who, of events unborn, take secret note,
 And hold deep commerce with the unseen world.

Enter Astrologers, Magicians, &c. &c.

BELSHAZZAR.

Approach, ye sages, 'tis the king commands.

[They kneel]

ASTROLOGERS.

Hail, mighty king of Babylon!

BELSHAZZAR.

Nay, rise!
 I do not need your homage but your help:
 The world may worship, you must counsel me.
 He who declares the secret of the king,
 No common honours shall await his skill;
 Our empire shall be tax'd for his reward,
 And he himself shall name the gift he wishes.
 A splendid scarlet robe shall grace his limbs,
 His neck a princely chain of gold adorn;
 Meet honours for such wisdom: he shall rule
 The third in rank throughout our Babylon.

BELSHAZZAR (*points to the wall*).

—look there—behold those characters;
do not start, for I will know their meaning!
answer! speak, or instant death awaits you!
t, dumb! all dumb! where is your boasted skill?
[They confer together.
them asunder—no confederacy—
secret plots to make your tales agree.
k, slaves, and dare to let me know the worst!

[They kneel.

First ASTROLOGER.

Let the king forgive his faithful servant!

Second ASTROLOGER.

mitigate our threaten'd doom of death,
I declare, with mingled grief and shame,
cannot tell the secret of the king,
what these mystic characters portend!

BELSHAZZAR.

With their heads! ye shall not live an hour!
on your shallow arts, your lying science;
thus you practise on the credulous world,
think you wise because themselves are weak:
miscreants, ye shall die! the power to punish

... story of the mystic
Of strange and awful import, bring
If haply I may shew some likely n
To fathom this dark mystery.

BELSHAZZAR.

Sp

My listening soul shall hang upon t
And prompt obedience follow them.

QUEEN.

T

Among the captive tribes which hith
To grace Nebassar's triumph, there w
A youth named Daniel, favour'd by
With power to look into the secret p:
Of dim Futurity's mysterious volume
The spirit of the holy gods is in him;
No vision so obscure, so deeply hid,
No sentence so perplex'd, but he can
He can unfold the dark decrees of Fa
Can trace each crooked labyrinth of t
Each winding maze of doubt, and ma
And palpable to sense. He twice ex
The monarch's mystic dreams. The
Saw, with

BELSHAZZAR.

Come, thrice venerable sage ! approach.
Is that Daniel whom my great forefather
Brought hither with the captive tribes of Judah ?

DANIEL.

O king !

BELSHAZZAR.

Then pardon, holy prophet,
But a just resentment of thy wrongs,
Having neglected merit, shut thy heart
At a king's request, a suppliant king.

DANIEL.

God I worship teaches to forgive.

BELSHAZZAR.

Yet thy words bring comfort to my soul.
I regard the spirit of the gods is in thee ;
How canst look into the fates of men,
With prescience more than human ?

DANIEL.

Hold, O king !
This is from above; 'tis God's own gift;
Myself am nothing; but from him,
All knowledge I possess. I hold :

Nor yet to be the third within thy
Can touch the soul of Daniel. He
All that the world calls great, thy
Can never satisfy the vast ambition
Of an immortal spirit ; I aspire
Beyond thy power of giving ; my l
Reach also to a crown—but 'tis a c
Unfading and eternal.

First COURTIER.

WE

Our priests teach no such notions.

DANIEL.

Though all unmoved by grandeur or
I will unfold the high decrees of He
And straight declare the mystery.

BELSHAZZAR.

Spea

DANIEL.

Prepare to hear what kings have said
Prepare to hear what courtiers said
Prepare to hear—the truth. The mi

A SACRED DRAMA.

81

gazing prostrate world below,
With distance into pygmies shrink,
How giddy ! Babylon's great king
Was a man, a helpless man,
Pain, and sin, and death like others ?
Hath fight against Omnipotence ?
Hath harden'd his obdurate heart
The Majesty of Heaven, and prosper'd ?
He had insulted was avenged :
Ire, from the joys of social life,
Aim forth ! extinguish'd reason's lamp ;
That bright spark of deity within ;
Him with the forest brutes to roam
Pasture ; and the mountain dews
And wet, on his defenceless head,
Confess'd—let men, let monarchs hear !
Confess'd, *pride was not made for man !*

QUREN.

Instance of Divine displeasure !

BELSHAZZAR.

My soul is wrapt in fix'd attention !

DANIEL.

My grandsire not in vain had sinn'd,
In error, thou hadst learnt the truth.
Of his fall thou oft hast heard,
Taught thee wisdom ? Thou, like him,
Elate with power and mad with pride ;
Thou hast defy'd the living God ;
Id thoughts hast added deeds more bold.
Outwrought the pattern he bequeath'd thee
Outgone example ; hast profaned,
Ous hand, the vessels of the temple ;
Els sanctified to holiest use,
Polluted with unhallow'd lips,
The instruments of foul debauch.
Adored the gods of wood and stone,
Less deities, the work of hands ;
King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Loss thy life, thy soul, thy breath,
By being hangs, thou hast denied.

BELSHAZZAR.

Now let the mystic writing be exp.
Thrice venerable sage !

DANIEL.

O mi
Hear then its awful import : *Hea*
Thy days of royalty, and soon will
Our God has weigh'd thee in the e
Of his own holy laws, and finds th
And last, thy kingdom shall be wr
And know, the Mede and Persian

BELSHAZZAR (starts)
Prophet, when shall this be ?

DANIEL.

I
Here my commission ends; I may
More than thou'st heard; but oh!
Thy days are numbered: hear, rey

BELSHAZZAR.

Say, prophet, what can penitence
If Heaven's decrees immutably ar
Can prayers avert our fate ?

u may'st claim, tho' sad thy prophecy !

QUEEN.

**savied, my son ; nor let thy soul
n uncertain moment's treacherous rest,
read brink of that tremendous gulf
awns beneath thee.**

DANIEL.

**O unhappy king !
at ~~most~~ happen once ~~may~~ happen soon.
r that 'tis terrible to meet
s unprepar'd ! and, O Belshazzar,
d moment of dismay and death,
r thou wast warn'd ! and, oh remember,
despis'd are condemnations then !**

[Exeunt Daniel and Queen.

BELSHAZZAR.

**my soul shakes off its load of care ;
he obscure is terrible.
m frames events unknown,
ntastic shapes of hideous ruin ;
it fears, creates :—I know the worst ;
is that worst as fear could feign :**

LET NOT THIS DREAMING SEER DISTURB THE KING.
Let not this dreaming seer disturb the king.
Against the power of Cyrus and the Mede,
Is Babylon secure. Her brazen gates
Mock all attempts to force them. Proud Eup
A watery bulwark, guards our ample city
From all assailants. And within the walls
Of this stupendous capital are lodg'd
Such vast provisions, such exhaustless stores
As a twice ten years' siege could never wast

BELSHAZZAR (*embraces him*).
My better genius! Safe in such resources,
I mock the prophet.—Turn we to the banque
[As they are going to resume their place
*Banquet a dreadful uproar is heard, tumultuous
cries and warlike sounds. All stand to
Enter Soldiers, with their swords drawn
wounded.*]

SOLDIER.

Oh, helpless Babylon! oh, wretched king!
Chaldea is no more; the Mede has conquer'd
The victor Cyrus, like a mighty torrent,
Comes rushing on, and marks his way with
Destruction is at hand; escape or perish.

BELSHAZZAR.

ies, he comes! the long predicted prince,
the destined instrument of Heaven,
our captive nation, and restore
A H's temple. Carnage marks his way,
Inquest sits upon his plume-crown'd helm,

Second Jew.

Noise is that?

First Jew.

Hark! 'tis Belshazzar's voice.

BELSHAZZAR (*without*).

Ier, spare my life, and aid my flight!
reasures shall reward the gentle deed
sia never saw. I'll be thy slave;
ld my crown to Cyrus; I'll adore
ds and thine; I'll kneel and kiss thy feet,
orship thee. It is not much I ask—
e in bondage, beggary, and pain,
u but let me live.

SOLDIER.

Die, tyrant, die! [Stabs him

BELSHAZZAR.

iel! Daniel! Daniel!

[Die

Each other, or themselves, they ca
O Babylon, where is thy refuge ne
Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, m
Pervert thee, and thy blessing is ti
Where are thy brutish deities, Chai
Where are thy gods of gold ?—O L
Thou very God, so fall thy foes befo

First JEW.

So fell beneath the terrors of thy ni
The idol Chemosh, Meab's empty tr
So Ammonitish Moloch sunk before
So fell Philistine Dagon : so shall fa
To Time's remotest period, all thy fo
Triumphant Lord of Hosts !

DANIEL.

How chang
Not for myself, O Judah ! but for the
I shed these tears of joy. For I no :
Must view the cedars which adorn th
Of Syrian Lebanon ; no more shall se
Thy pleasant stream, O Jordan ; nor
Which whiten all the mountains of Jt
No more these eyes delighted shal

The' ere my day of promis'd grace shall come,
I shall be tried by perils strange and new;
Nor shall I taste of death, so have I learn'd,
Till I have seen the captive tribes restor'd.

First JEW.

And shall we view once more thy hallow'd tow'rs,
Imperial Salem?

DANIEL.

Yes, my youthful friends!
You shall behold the second temple rise,*
With grateful ecstasy; but we, your sires,
Now bent with heavy age; we, whose charm'd eyes
Beheld the matchless glories of the first,
Should weep, remem'ring what we once had seen
That model of perfection!

Second JEW.

Never more
Shall such a wondrous structure grace the earth.

DANIEL.

Well have you borne affliction, men of Judah!
Well have sustain'd your portion of distress;
And, unreeling, drank the bitter dregs
Of adverse fortune! Happier days await you.
O guard against the perils of success!
Prosperity dissolves the yielding soul,
And the bright sun of shining fortune melts
The firmest virtues down. Beware, my friends,
Be greatly cautious of prosperity!
Defend your sliding hearts; and, trembling, think
How those, who buffeted affliction's wave
With vigorous virtue, sunk in pleasure's calm.
He, who of special grace had been allow'd
To rear the hallow'd fane to Israel's God,
By wealth corrupted, and by ease debauch'd,
Forsook the God to whom he rais'd the fane;
And, sunk in sensual sloth, consumed his days
In vile idolatrous rites!—Nor think, my sons,
That virtue in sequester'd solitude
Is always found. Within the inmost soul

* Ezra i.

† Solomon.

Men in polluted Sodom; safe
While circumspective virtue's
Was anxiously awake; but in
Far from the obvious perils wh
With palpable temptation, secre
Ensnar'd his soul: he trusted in
Security betray'd him, and he f

Second JEW.
Thy prudent counsels in our hea
As if a pen of adamant had grav

First JEW.
The dawn approaches; let us pa
Secure of peace, since tyranny is

DANIEL.
So perish all thine enemies, O L
So, mighty God! shall perish all
Corrupted pleasures in the turbid
Of life's polluted stream, and mad
The living fountain of perennial g

DANIEL.

A SACRED DRAMA.

Righteous is delivered out of trouble, and the Wicked
in his stead.—*Proverbs of Solomon.*

On peut des plus grands rois surprendre la justice.

Incapables de tromper,
Ils ont peine à s'échapper
Des pièges de l'artifice.

Un cœur noble ne peut soupçonner en autrui

La basseuse et la malice
Qu'il ne sent point en lui.

Esther. Tragedie de Racine.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DARIUS, *King of Media and Babylon.*

PHARNACES, } *Courtiers, Enemies to Daniel.*
SORANUS, } *Enemies to Daniel.*

ARASPES, *a young Median Lord, Friend and Co-
to Daniel.*

PART I.

Pharnaces, Soranus.

PHARNACES.

I have noted, with a jealous eye,
of this new fav'rite! Daniel reigns,
arius! Daniel guides the springs
ve this mighty empire! High he sits,
avour both with prince and people.
e spirit of our Median lords,
rrouch and bend the supple knee
god! By Mithras, 'tis too much!
Arbaces' race to Daniel bow—
, a captive, and a Jew?
must be devised, and that right soon,
credit.

SORANUS.

Rather hope to shake
in pine, whose twisting fibres clasp
eep-rooted. Rather hope to shake
o Taurus from his central base,
sits too absolute in pow'r,
avour, for the keenest shaft
ning jealousy to reach him.

... ... unsubstantial
Darius, just and clement as I
If I mistake not, may be wro:
By prudent wiles, by Flattery
Administer'd with caution.

SONNET

For Daniel's life (a foe must gi
Is so replete with goodness, so
With every virtue, so exactly s
By wisdom's nicest rules, 'twil
To charge him with the shadow
Pure is his fame as Scythia's m
When not a breath pollutes the
I've scann'd the actions of his d
With all the industrious malice
And nothing meets mine eye bu
In office pure; for equitable act
Renown'd: in justice and impar
The Grecian Themis is not more

PHARNACES.

By yon bright sun, thou blazon'
As if with rapture thon' " "

in high import, to seduce his zeal
this observance due!

PHARNACES.

There, there he falls!
Ah, my friend! his piety destroys him.
At the very footstool of his God,
He implores protection, there I'll crush him.

SORANUS.

means Pharnaces?

PHARNACES.

Ask not what I mean,
New idea floating in my brain
Yet receiv'd no form. 'Tis yet too soon
To see it body, circumstance, or breath.
Seds of mighty deeds are labouring here,
Struggling for a birth! 'Tis near the hour
When is wont to summon us to council:
That, this big conception of my mind
May be to form and being. Thou, meanwhile,
Leave our chosen friends; for I shall need
The aid of all your counsels, and the weight
Of your authority.

SORANUS.

Conceal whate'er of injury is de
'Gainst Daniel. Be it too thy c
To keep him from the council.

SORANUS.

'Tis now about the hour of Dan
Araspes too is with him : and t
They will not sit in council. H
Designs of high importance, on
Should be accomplish'd. Geni
And courage which achieves, d
Of lingering circumspection.
Seizes the prompt occasion, ma
Start into instant action, and a
Plans and performs, resolves a

PART I

SCENE—*Daniel's*
Daniel, Ara-

ARASPES.

PROCEED, proceed, thrice vene

en's own shadows rest upon the view.

ARASPE.

st sage ; I could for ever hear,
ay admonition. Tell me how
ain the favour of that God
n to know, but fain would serve.

DANIEL.

umility, by faith unfeign'd,
eeds, best proof of living faith !
thou wonder-working principle,
ibstance of our present hope,
ence of things invisible !
not man sustain, sustain'd by thee !
would fail, and the bright star of day
ench his beams in ocean, and resign
e to the silver queen of night;
gain descend the steep of Heaven,
d tell what wonders Faith achieved
n, Barak, and the holy seer,
son ; the pious Gileadite,
ephthah ! He of Zorab too,†
h unequall'd ; and the shepherd king,
nish'd Gath's fell giant. Need I tell
rophets, who, by conquering faith,
deeds incredible to mortal sense ;

ARASPE.

How shall this faith be sought ?

DANIEL.

By earnest prayer,

Solicit first the wisdom from above :
 Wisdom, whose fruits are purity and peace :
 Wisdom, that bright intelligence, which sat
 Supreme, when with his golden compasses*
 Th' Eternal plann'd the fabric of the world,
 Produced his fair ideas into light,
 And said that all was good : Wisdom, blest beam
 The brightness of the everlasting light ;
 The spotless mirror of the power of God ;
 The reflex image of the all-perfect mind ;
 A stream translucent, flowing from the source
 Of glory infinite ; a cloudless light ;
 Defilement cannot touch, nor sin pollute
 Her unstain'd purity. Not Ophir's gold,
 Nor Ethiopia's gems can match her price ;
 The ruby of the mine is pale before her !
 And, like the oil Elisha's bounty bless'd,
 She is a treasure which doth grow by use,
 And multiply by spending ! She contains,
 Within herself, the sum of excellence.
 If riches are desired, Wisdom is wealth :
 If prudence, where shall keen invention find
 Artificer more cunning ? If renown,
 In her right hand it comes ! If piety,
 Are not her labours virtues ? If the lore
 Which sage experience teaches, lo ! she scans
 Antiquity's dark truths ; the past she knows,
 Anticipates the future ; not by arts
 Forbidden, of Chaldean sorcerer,
 But from the piercing ken of deep foreknowledge
 From her sure science of the human heart
 She weighs effects with causes, ends with mean
 Resolving all into the sovereign will.
 For earthly blessings moderate be thy prayer,
 And qualified ; for life, for strength, for grace,
 Unbounded thy petition.

* See Paradise Lost, book vii. line 225. Prov. viii. 22.

ep, and their thick branches flourish fair,
green bay tree? why the righteous man,
er plants to shivering winds exposed,
l and torn, in naked virtue bare,
d by cruel sorrow's biting blast?
O Daniel, these mysterious ways
nt apprehension! For as yet
to learn. Fair Truth's immortal sun
nes hid in clouds; not that her light
f defective; but obscured
eak prejudice, imperfect Faith,
ie thousand causes which obstruct
th of goodness.

DANIEL.

Follow me, Araspes,
ou shalt peruse the sacred page,
of life eternal; *that* will shew thee
f the ungodly! thou wilt own
rt their longest period; wilt perceive
k a night succeeds their brightest day!
ed eye will see God is not slack,
oant slackness, to fulfil his word.
ll this book; and may the Spirit of grace,
ip'd the seal of truth on the bless'd page,
nto thy soul, remove thy doubts,

To beseem the subject, to redress
And raise the injured, to assist
And humble the oppressor ? If
Speak freely, princes. Why a
Except to poise the awful scale
With even hand; to minister to
To bless the nations with a liber
Vicegerent of th' eternal Orom.

PHARNAC

So absolute thy wisdom, mighty
All counsel were superfluous.

DARIUS.

No adulation : 'tis the death of
Who flatters is of all mankind
Save he who courts the flattery
As feeble and as frail as those
And born like them, to die. Th
Unhappy Crœsus, lately sat alo
Almost above mortality; now s
Sunk to the vile condition of a
He swells the train of Cyrus ! I
To misery am obnoxious. See
This royal throne the great Neb
Yet hence his pride expelled him

And meet acceptance in his royal ear,
Who subjugates the East. Let not the king
With anger hear my prayer.

DARIUS.

Pharnaces, speak ;
I know thou lov'st me ; I but meant to chide
Thy flattery, not reprove thee for thy zeal.
Speak boldly, friends, as man should speak to man :
Perish the barbarous maxims of the East,
Which basely would enslave the freeborn mind,
And plunder man of the best gift of Heaven,
His liberty of soul.

Were feebly planned, their cou
Now so relax'd, and now so ev
That the tired people, wearied
They long have borne, will soon
Tread on all rule, and spurn th
them.

DARIUS.

But say what remedy?

PHARNACE:

Th:

Thy servants have provided. I
They bear the yoke submissive.
Thy power and their obedience,
All hearts to thy dominion, yet
Those deeds of cruelty thy natu
Thou shouldst begin by some im
Of absolute dominion, yet unstai
By aught of barbarous. For kno
Wholesome severity, if wisely fi
With sober discipline, procures n
Than all the lenient counsels an
Of frail irresolution.

PHARNACES.

'Twill fix the crown
g safety ou thy royal brow,
bloodless means, preserve th' obedience
& empire. Think how much 'twill raise
enown ! 'twill make thy name revered,
or beyond example. What !
eaven, dispensing good and ill
days ! With thine own ears to hear
's wants, with thine own liberal hands
y suppliant subjects ! O Darius !
m as bounteous as a giving god,
in every heart in Babylon
Media. What a glorious state
overeign arbiter of good ;
ficient cause of happiness ;
mercies with a plenteous hand,
lest thyself in blessing others.

DARIUS.

general wish !

[*Princes and Courtiers kneel.*

CHIEF PRESIDENT.

Of one, of all.

minors presidents and lords.

DARIUS.

Hold!

Of such importance should be

PHARNACE.

We have resolved it, mighty king,
With closest scrutiny. On us
Whatever blame occurs!

DARIUS.

I'

Then to your wisdom I commit;
Behold the royal signet: see,

PHARNACES (*a*)

There Daniel fell! That signet

DARIUS (*after a*)

Let me reflect—Sure I have been
Why such intemperate haste? I
And would not counsel this severe
But for the wisest purpose. Yet
I might have weigh'd, and in nowise
This statute, ere, the royal signet
It had been past repeal. Sage
My counsellor, my guide, my warden,
He should have been consulted

AHASPES.

y Daniel! prophet, father, friend,
the wretched messenger of ill!
s complot thy death. For what can mean
w-made law, extorted from the king
by force? What can it mean, O Daniel,
nvolve thee in the toils they spread
e thy precious life?

DANIEL.

How! was the king
ing to this edict?

AHASPES.

They surprised
y nature; took him when his heart
ften'd by their blandishments. They wore
sk of public virtue to deceive him.
the specious name of general good,
rought him to their purposes: no time
him to deliberate. One short hour,
r moment, and his soul had gain'd
tural tone of virtue.

DANIEL.

Of any god or man, but of Darius

DANIEL.

And think'st thou then my revere
Good as he is, shall tempt me to ?
My sworn allegiance to the King
Hast thou commanded legions ? s
Defied the face of danger, mock'd
In all its frightful forms, and tre
Come, learn of me ; I'll teach the
Though sword I never drew ! Fea
The feeble vengeance of a mortal
Whose breath is in his nostrils ; f
Is he to be accounted of ? but fea
The awaken'd vengeance of the li
He who can plunge the everlastin
In infinite perdition !

ARASPES.

Then,
If thou persist to disobey the edic
Retire and hide thee from the pry
Of busy malice !

DANIEL.

He who is ash
To vindicate the honour of his Go

IN SILENCE & MEEKNESS, NOT WITH THE VOICE
rite external.

DANIEL.

Know, Araspes,
signs to suit our trials to our strength.
unvert, feeble in his faith,
erhaps, had sunk beneath the weight
re a duty. Gracious Heaven
o bruise the reed, or quench the flax,
de and expiring. But shall I,
iel, shall the servant of the Lord,
in his cause—long train'd to know
i will—long exercised in woe,
ptivity, and born to suffer;
m known, from certain duty shrink,
threaten'd danger ? O Araspes ;
vanced in age, in zeal decline ?
less as I reach my journey's end;
m in my pace, the goal in view ?
retion when it interferes
! Perish the false policy
wit, which would commute ou safety
s eternal honour ! Shall His law
ought, that I may live at ease ?
d the heathen triumph, should I fall
oward fear ! How would God's enemies

... salut. *Ad*
serve the cause of God!

DANIEL.

God
Sustain his righteous cause. He !
Fit instruments to serve him. Kn
He does not need our crimes to hel
Nor does his equitable law permit
A sinful act from the preposterous ;
That good may follow it. For me, ;
The spacious earth holds not a bait :
What would it profit me, if I should
Imperial Ecbatan, th' extended land
Of fruitful Media, nay, the world's v
If mine eternal soul must be the pric
Farewell, my friend! time presses.
Some moments from my duty, to con
And strengthen thy young faith! Let
What Heaven enjoins—and leave to
event!

PART V.

Scen^e - - -

Beheld the insult offer'd to Darius,
For, as in bold defiance of the law,
His windows were not closed, our chosen bands,
Whom we had placed to note him, soon rush'd in
And seized him in the warmth of his blind zeal,
Ere half his prayer was finish'd. Young Araspes,
With all the wild extravagance of grief,
Prays, weeps, and threatens. Daniel silent stands
With patient resignation, and prepares
To follow them.—But see, the king approaches!

SORANUS.

DARIUS.

Thou, thou forest !
Thou knew'st his righteous soul would ne'er
So long an interval of prayer. But I,
Deluded king ! 'twas I should have foreseen
His steadfast piety. I should have thought
Your earnest warmth had some more secret
Something that touch'd you nearer than you
Your well-feign'd zeal, for me.—I should have
When selfish politicians, hackney'd long
In fraud and artifice, affect a glow
Of patriot fervour, or fond loyalty,
Which scorns all show of interest, that's the
To watch their crooked projects.—Well thou
How dear I held him ! how I prized his true
Did I not choose him from a subject world,
Unbless'd by fortune, and by birth ungrac'd
A captive, and a Jew ? Did I not love him ?
Was he not rich in independent worth,
And great in native goodness ? That undid I
There, there he fell ! If he had been less great,
He had been safe. Thou could'st not bear
ness ;
The lustre of his virtues quite obscured,

A SACRED DRAMA.

In the dreadful sentence of the act
If he knew. And by the establish'd law
In, by that law irrevocable,
he has dared to violate, he dies!

DARIUS.

By! presumption! monstrous law
Unchangeable! Is there ought on earth
Gives that name? The eternal laws alone
Romasdes are unchangeable!
Human projects are so faintly framed,
Sebly plann'd, so liable to change,
Mix'd with error in their very form,
T mutable and mortal are the same.
Where is Daniel? Wherefore comes he not
Load me with reproaches? To upbraide me
With all the wrongs my barbarous has
Done to him?

There is he!

PHARACE.

He prepares to meet his fate.
This hour he dies, for so the act decrees.

DARIUS.

Suspend the bloody sentence. Bring him hither.
Or rather let me seek him, and implore
His dying pardon and his parting prayer.

P A R T VI.

SCENE.—Daniel's House.

Daniel, Araspes.

ARASPES.

Still let me follow thee; still let me hear
The voice of Wisdom, ere the silver cord
By Death's cold hand be loosen'd.

DANIEL.

No grief, no woman's weakness, good Araspes!
Thou should'st rejoice my pilgrimage is o'er,
And the blest haven of repose in view.

L.

...al worthies, heroes, pi
Oh ! 'tis to join the band of ho
Made perfect by their suffering
My great progenitors ! 'Tis to l
Th' illustrious patriarchs ; they
Deign'd hold familiar converse !
Bless'd Noah, and his children,
'Tis to behold, oh ! rapture to co
Those we have known, and loved
Bold Azariah, and the band of bro
Who sought, in bloom of youth, tl
Nor shall we see heroic men alone
Champions who fought the fight of
But heavenly conquerors, angelic h
Michael and his bright legions, wh
The foes of Truth ! To join their ble
Of love and praise ! to the high me
Of choirs celestial to attune my voi
Accordant to the golden harps of sa
To join in blest hosannahs to their
Whose face to sec, whose glory to l
Alone were Heaven, though saint e
Should meet our sight, and only G
This is to die ! Who would not d:-
Who would not die ^"

in who sought thy life? Thy murderers dropt
of strange pity. Look not on me thus
mild benignity! Oh! I could bear
nice of keen reproach, or the strong flash
of resentment; but I cannot stand
touching silence, nor that patient eye
seek respect.

DANIEL.

Thou art my master still.

DARIUS.

thy murderer! I have sign'd thy death!

DANIEL.

Now thy bent of soul is honourable,
Hast been gracious still! Were it not so,
I had have met the appointment of high Heaven
In humble acquiescence; but to know
Will concurr'd not with thy servant's fate,
Joy to resignation.

DARIUS.

Here I swear,
In who sits enthroned in yon bright sun,
Blood shall be atoned! On these thy foes
Shalt have ample vengeance.

To hear their murmurs, ~~rec'd~~ —
And sink beneath a load of splendid
To have your best success ascribed to
And Fortune's failures all ascribed to
It is to sit upon a joyless height,
To every blast of changing Fate exposed
Too high for hope! too great for hap
For friendship too much fear'd! to a
Of social freedom, and th' endearing
Of liberal interchange of soul, unknown
Fate meant me an exception to the
And, though a monarch, bless'd me
And I—have murder'd him!

DANIEL.

M:

Hate not my memory, king: protect
Encourage Cyrus in the holy work
Of building ruin'd Solyma. Farewell!

DARIUS.

With most religious strictness I'll
Thy last request. Araspes shall be
My throne and heart. Farewell!

DARIUS.

"**H**ow, good Araspes ! what a night of horror !
To me the dawning day brings no return
Nor cheerfulness or peace ! No balmy sleep
Has seal'd these eyes, no nourishment has past
These loathing lips, since Daniel's fate was sign'd !
Dear what my fruitless penitence resolves—
The thirty days my rashness had decreed
The edict's force should last, I will devote
To mourning and repentance, fasting, prayer,
And all due rites of grief. For thirty days
No pleasant sound of dulcimer or harp,
Sackbut, or flute, or psaltery, shall charm
My ear, now dead to every note of joy !

ARASPES.

My grief can know no period !

DARIUS.

See that den !

There Daniel met the furious lions rage !
There were the patient martyr's mangled limbs,
Torn piecemeal ! Never hide thy tears, Araspes !
'Tis virtuous sorrow, unallay'd, like mine,
By guilt and fell remorse ! Let us approach ;
Who knows but that dread Power to whom he trav'd

The God I serve has shut the lions' maw
To vindicate my innocence.

DARIUS.

He lives!

ARASPE.

'Tis no illusion
Of his known voice.

DARIUS.

Where are my sons?
Fly, swift as lightning, free him from
Release him, bring him hither! Breach
Which keeps him from me! See, Araspe,
See the charm'd lions!—mark their rage;
Araspe, mark!—they have no power;
See how they hang their heads, and
At his mild aspect.

ARASPE.

Who then
Who that in after-times shall hear tell
Can doubt if Daniel's God be God indeed?

DARIUS.

A SACRED DRAMA.

ARASPE.

Oh, miracle of joy!

DARIUS.

I can trust my eyes! how didst thou 'scape?

DANIEL.

right and glorious Being, who vouchsafed
 nce divine when the three martyr'd brothers
 'd the cauldron's flame, supported me!
 in the furious lions' dreadful den,
 prisoner of hope, even there I turn'd
 he strong hold, the bulwark of my strength,
 my to hear, and mighty to redeem!

DARIUS (to Araspes).

here is Pharnaces? take the hoary traitor!
 like too Soranus, and the chief abettors
 If this dire edict; let not one escape.
 The punishment their deep-laid hate devised
 For holy Daniel, on their heads shall fall
 With tenfold vengeance. To the lions' den
 I doom his vile accusers! All their wives,
 Their children too, shall share one common fate;
 Take care that none escape.—Go, good Araspes.

[Araspes goes out.]

DANIEL.

Not so, Darius!

Oh spare the guiltless! Spare the guilty too!
 Where sin is not, to punish were unjust;
 And where sin is, O king, there fell remorse
 Supplies the place of punishment!

DARIUS.

No more!

My word is past! Not one request, save this,
 Shall thou e'er make in vain. Approach, my friend,
 Araspes has already spread the tale,
 And see what crowds advance!

PEOPLE.

Long live great Daniel too, the people's friend!

DARIUS.

Draw near my subjects. See this holy man!
 Death had no pow'r to harm him. You fell band
 Of famish'd lions, soften'd at his sight,
 Forgot their nature, and grew tame before him.
 The mighty God protects his servants thus?
 The righteous thus he rescues from the snare:
 While fraud's artificer himself shall fall
 In the deep gulf his wily arts devise
 To snare the innocent!

A COURTIER.

To the same den
 Araspes bears Pharnaces and his friends.
 Fall'n is their insolence! With prayers and tears
 And all the meanness of high-crested pride,
 When adverse fortune frowns, they beg for life.
 Araspes will not hear. ' You heard not me,'
 He cries, ' When I for Daniel's life implored;
 His God protected him! see now if yours
 Will listen to your cries!'

DARIUS.

Now hear,
 People and nations, languages and realms
 O'er whom I rule! Peace be within your walls!
 That I may banish from the minds of men
 The rash decree gone out; hear me resolve
 To counteract its force by one more just;
 In every kingdom of my wide-stretch'd realm,
 From fair Chaldea to th' extremest bound
 Of northern Media, be my edict sent,
 And this my statute known. My heralds, haste,
 And spread my royal mandate through the land,
 That all my subjects bow the ready knee
 To Daniel's God—for HE alone is Lord.
 Let all adore and tremble at his name,
 Who sits in glory unapproachable
 Above the heavens—above the heaven of heaven.
 His power is everlasting; and his throne
 Founded in equity and truth shall last
 Beyond the bounded reign of time and space.

Enter Araspes.

ARASPES.

O king! Darius, live for ever!
hy foes be as Pharnaces is!

DARIUS.

speak.

ARASPES.

Oh, let me spare the tale?
f horror! dreadful was the sight!
ry lions, greedy for their prey,
the wretched princes ere they reach'd
m of the den,

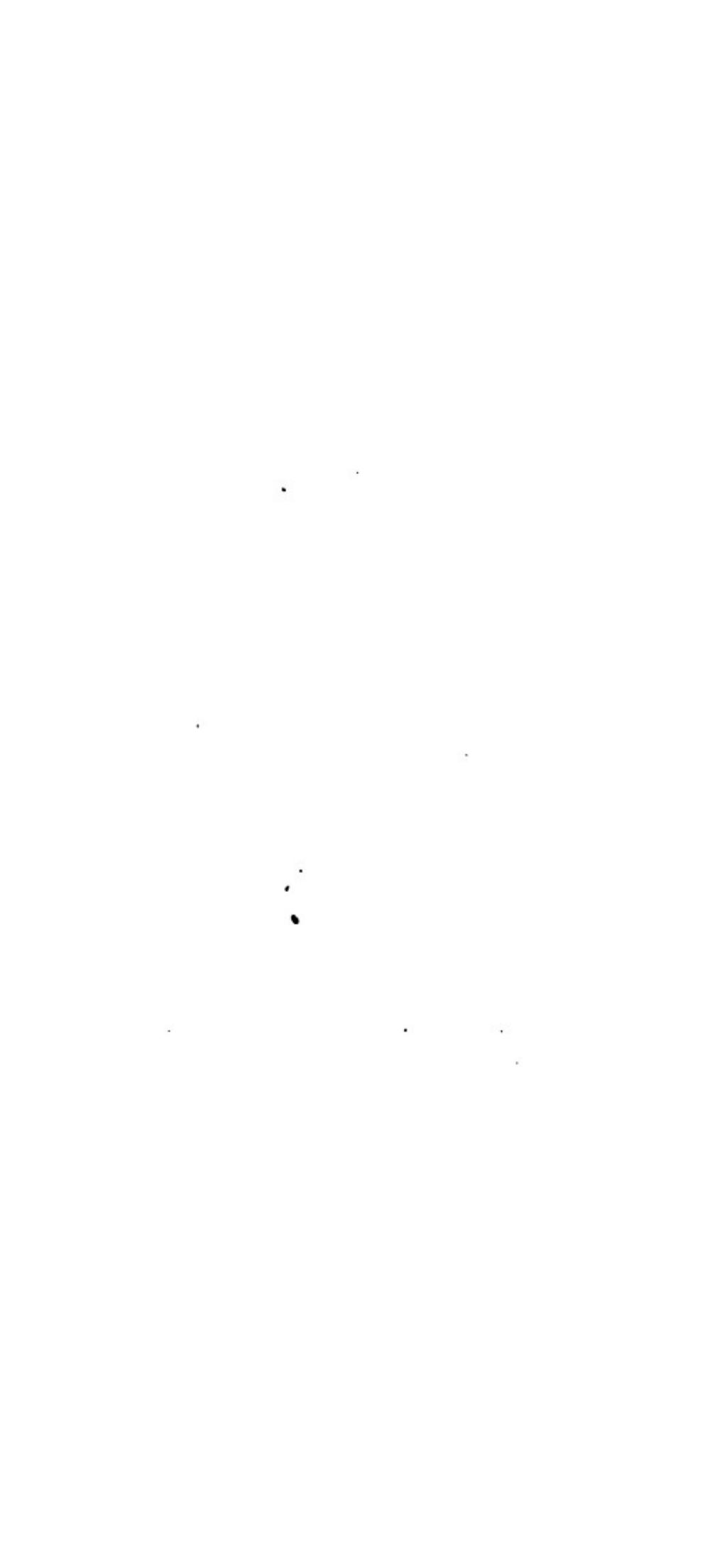
DARIUS.

Now, now confess
ne superior hand restrain'd their rage,
d their furious appetites.

PEOPLE. .

'Tis true!
of Daniel is a mighty God;
and he destroys.

ARASPES.



REFLECTIONS
OF
KING HEZEKIAH,
IN HIS SICKNESS.

"Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die."
Isaiah xxxviii.

OP

KING HEZEKIAH
IN HIS SICKNESS.

WHAT! and no more?—Is this, my soul,
My whole of being?—Must I surely die?
Be robb'd at once of health, of strength, of
Of youth's fair promise, and of pleasure's?
Shall I no more behold the face of morn,
The cheerful day-light, and the spring's ret
Must I the festive bower, the banquet leave
For the dull chambers of the darksome grav?

Have I consider'd what it is to die?
In native dust with kindred worms to lie;
To sleep in cheerless cold neglect! to rot!
My body loath'd, my very name forgot!
Not one of all those parasites, who bend
The supple knee, their monarch to attend!
What, not one friend! No, not a hireling slay
Shall hail great Hezekiah in the grave.
Where's he who falsely claim'd the name
Whose eye was to

Prepare the Judge of Heaven and Earth to meet.'
Spake the warning Prophet.—Awful words:
Which fearfully my troubled soul records.
Am I prepar'd? And can I meet my doom?
For shudder at the dreaded wrath to come?
Is all in order set, my house, my heart?
Does no besetting sin still claim a part?
No cherish'd error, loth to quit its place,
Obstruct within my soul the work of grace?
Did I each day for this great day prepare,
By righteous deeds, by sin-subduing pray'r?
Did I each night, each day's offence repent,
And each unholy thought and word lament?
Still have these ready hands th' afflicted fed,
And minister'd to Want her daily bread?
The cause I knew not did I well explore?
Friend, advocate, and parent of the poor?
Did I, to gratify some sudden gust
Of thoughtless appetite, some impious lust
Of pleasure or of pow'r, such sums employ
As would have flush'd pale penury with joy?
Did I in groves forbidden altars raise,
Or molten gods adore, or idols praise?
Did my firm faith to Heaven still point the way?
Did Charity to man my actions sway?
Did meek ev'd Patience all my steps attend?

'Twill be with pardon only, not reward.
How imperfection's stamp'd on all below!
How sin intrudes in all we say or do!
How late in all the insolence of health,
I charm'd th' Assyrian* by my boast of
How fondly, with elab'rare pomp, display
My glittering treasures! with what trium
My gold and gems before his dazzled eyes
And found a rich reward in his surprise!
Oh ! mean of soul, can wealth elate the
Which of the man himself is not a part!
Oh, poverty of pride ! Oh, foul disgrace !
Disgusted Reason, blushing, hides her face
Mortal, and proud ! strange contradicting
Pride for death's victim, for the prey of v
Of all the wonders which the eventful life
Of man presents; of all the mental strife
Of warring passions; all the raging fires
Of furious appetites and mad desires !
Not one so strange appears as this alone,
That man is proud of what is not his own.

How short is human life ! The very breath
Which frames my words, accelerates my end.
Of this short life how large a portion's fled
To what is gone I am already dead ;

age increase of pleasure bring ?
ars prolong'd the common boast ?
l Fame, is it not cheaply lost ?
that indeed were happiness ;
h a king might well confess :
isdom covet length of days ?
in pleasure, wealth, or praise
views with an indifferent eye
blessings born to die.
is an immortal guest,
e at an unreal feast :
owards tends by Nature's force ;
d from its parent source ;
from the boundless sea ;
l from eternity ;
g for the rest to come ;
for his native home.
ask my forfeit life to save ?
which dooms me to the grave ?
f endless days deceived ?
I alone bereav'd ?
he rich, the learn'd, the wise,
of Judah's monarchs rise,
learning. emniss

And silent as his lyre great David lies.
Thou, blest Isaiah ! who, at God's command
Now speak'st repentance to a guilty land,
Must die ! as wise and good thou had'st not
As Nebat's son, who taught the land to sin.

And shall I then be spar'd ? Oh monstrous !
Shall I escape, when Solomon has died ?
If all the worth of all the saints were vain—
Peace, peace, my troubled soul, nor dare I say
LORD, I submit. Complete thy gracious will
For if thou slay me, I will trust Thee still.
Oh ! be my will so swallow'd up in thine,
That I may do thy will in doing mine.

THE
SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

A PASTORAL DRAMA.

" To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the female breast.

Thomson.

M

PERSONS OF THE DRAM.

EUPHILIA,
CLEORA,
PASTORELLA,
LAURINDA,
URANIA, *an ancient Shepherdess.*
SYLVIA,
ELIZA,
FLORELLA, *a young Shepherdess.*

Four young Ladies of
in search of Happy

TO
MRS. GWATKIN.

ADAM,

owing Poem turns chiefly on the danger
Error in the important article of Educa-
w not to whom I can, with more propriety,
than to you, as the subject it inculcates
e of the principal objects of your attention
n family.

the name of Dedication alarm you; I am
offend you by making your Eulogium.
s only necessary to suspicious characters;
not accept it; Delicacy will not offer it,
idship with which you have honoured me
ildhood, will, I flatter myself, induce you
me for venturing to lay before you this
mony of my esteem, and to assure you how

DEAR MADAM,
Your obedient
And obliged humble servant,

PREF

THE object of the following
in very early youth, was an
substitute for the very impi
prevailed, of allowing plays,
the purest kind, to be acted
ing schools. And it has affe
to the Author to learn that i
wise the Sacred Dramas, h
adopted to supply the place
amusements. If it may be
in promoting a regard to Re
minds of young persons, and
and perhaps not altogether
the exercise of recitation, th
originally composed, and the
its re-publication will be en

SPOKEN BY A YOUNG LADY.

re scenes, and unembellish'd strains,
er sly intrigue nor passion reigns ;
hope an audience will approve
d of wit, and free from love ?
Juliet sighs, and weeps, and starts,
ana takes by storm your hearts ;
ule, no tragic swagger,
ment, not one bowl or dagger ?
rong'd, who trusted and believed,
ted, and no friend deceived ;
glowing strains described,
mermaid that rake had bribed :
reward the rover's life,
on and the beauteous wife :
the manners of the age,
ral of the scenic page !
en transplant these noxious scenes
o misses in their teens ?
e, the masculine attire.
skin +

Such are the perils the dramatic muse
In youthful bosoms threatens to infuse ;
Our timid Author labours to impart
A less pernicious lesson to the heart ;
What, though no charm of melody divine,
Smooth her round period, or adorn her line ;
Though her unpolish'd page in vain aspires
To emulate the graces she admires ;
Though destitute of skill, her sole pretence
But aims at simple truth and common sense ;
Yet shall her honest unassuming page
Tell that its Author, in a modish age,
Preferr'd plain virtue to the boast of art,
Nor fix'd one dangerous maxim on the heart.
Or if, to crown her efforts she could find,
They rooted but one error from one mind ;
If in the bosom of ingenuous youth
They stamp'd one useful thought, one lasting tru
'Twould be a fairer tribute to her name,
Than loud applauses, or an empty fame !

SCENE—A Grove.

Euphelia, Cleora, Pastorella, Laurinda.

CLEORA.

WELCOME, ye humble vales, ye flow'ry shades,
Ye crystal fountains, and ye silent glades!
From the gay misery of the thoughtless great,
The walks of folly, the disease of state;
From scenes where daring guilt triumphant reigns,
Its dark suspicions and its hoard of pains;
Where pleasure never comes without alloy,
And art but thinly paints fallacious joy;
Where languor loads the day, excess the night,
And dull satiety succeeds delight;
Where midnight vices their fell orgies keep,
And guilty revels scare the phantom sleep;
Where dissipation wears the name of bliss:
From these we fly in search of happiness.

EUPHELIA.

Not the tir'd pilgrim, all his dangers past,
When he descries the long-sought shrine at last;
Ever felt a joy so pure as this fair field,

132 SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

The wild luxuriance of the full-blown fields,
Which Spring prepares, and laughing Summer yiel

EUPHELIA.

Here simple Nature strikes the enraptured eye
With charms, which wealth and art but ill supply
The genuine graces, which *without* we find,
Display the beauty of the owner's mind.

LAURINDA.

These deep embowering shades conceal the cell,
Where sage Urania and her daughters dwell:
Florella too, if right we've heard the tale,
With them resides—the lily of the vale.

CLEORA.

But soft! what gentle female form appears,
Which smiles of more than mortal beauty wears?
Is it the guardian genius of the grove?
Or some fair angel from the choirs above!

Enter FLORELLA, who speaks.

Whom do I see? ye beanteous virgins, say,
What chance conducts your steps this lonely way?
Do you pursue some favourite lambkin stray'd?
Or do yon alders court you to their shade?
Declare, fair strangers! If aright I deem,
No rustic nymphs of vulgar rank you seem.

CLEORA.

No cooling shades allure our eager sight,
Nor lambkins lost, our searching steps invite.

FLORELLA.

Or is it, haply, yonder branching vine,
Whose tendrils round our low-roof'd cottage twine
Whose spreading height, with purple clusters crow
Attracts the gaze of every nymph around?
Have these lone regions aught that charms beside
Yours are my shades, my flowers, my fleecy pride

EUPHELIA.

Florella! our united thanks receive,
Sole proof of gratitude we have to give:

... every maid;
Every phantom mocks our eager eyes;
And still we chase, and still we miss the prize!

CLEORA.

Long have we searched throughout this bounte-
island,
With constant ardour and with ceaseless toil;
In various ways of various life we've tried;
But still the bliss we seek has been deny'd.
We've sought in vain through every different state;
Murmuring poor, the discontented great.
Peace and joy in palaces reaide,
In obscurer haunts delight to hide;
Happiness with worldly pleasures dwell,
Brouds her graces in the hermit's cell:
It, if science, teach the road to bliss,
upid dulness finds the joys they miss;
Learn this truth, we've bid a long adieu
To the shadows blinded men pursue.
We seek Urania; whose sagacious mind
Lead our steps this latent good to find:
Worth we emulate; her virtues fire
Rdent hearts to be what we admire:
Though with care she shuns the public eve-
Worth like *her*. ---'

bless'd.

In adverse fortune, now, serene a
'Who gave,' she said, 'had right
Two lovely daughters bless her gr
And, by their virtues, well repay
With them, beneath her shelterin
And share the bounties she has sti
For Heaven, who in its dispensati
A narrow fortune to a noble mind
Has bless'd the sage Urania with
Which wisdom's noblest treasures
In duty's active round each day is
As if she thought each day might
Her labours for devotion best prep
And meek devotion smooths the b

PASTORELLA.

Then lead, Florella, to that hum
Where peace resides : from courts

SONG.

O Happiness, celestial fair,
Our earliest hope, our lates
 Oh hear our fond requ
Vouchsafe, reluctant nymph

O Happiness, celestial fair,
Our earliest hope, our latest care,
Let us not sue in vain!
O deign to hear our fond request,
Come, take possession of our breast,
And there for ever reign.

SCENE—*The Grove.*

Urania, Sylvia, Eliza.

SYLVIA (*singing*).

SWEET Solitude, thou placid queen
Of modest air, and brow serene!
'Tis thou inspirlest the sage's themes;
The poet's visionary dreams.

Parent of virtue, nurse of thought!
By thee were saints and patriarchs taught;
Wisdom from thee her treasures drew,
And in thy lap fair science grew.

Whate'er exalts, refines, and charms,
Invites to thought, to virtue warms;
Whate'er is perfect, fair, and good.

The dearest joys my widow'd heart
Come, taste the glories of the new.
And grateful homage to its Author
Oh! ever may this animating sight
Convey instruction while it sheds d.
Does not that sun, whose cheering b.
Joy's glad emotions to the pure in h.
Does not that vivid power teach ever
To be as warm, benevolent and kind
To burn with unremitting ardour still,
Like him to execute their Maker's w.
Then let us, Power Supreme ! thy wi
Invoke thy mercies, and proclaim thy
Shalt thou these benefits in vain besto
Shall we forget the fountain whence
Teach us through these to lift our hear
And in the gift the bounteous Giver see
To view Thee as thou art, all good and
Nor let thy blessings hide thee from on
From all obstructions clear our mental
Pour on our souls thy beatific light !
Teach us thy wondrous goodness to rev
With love to worship, and with reveren
In the mild works of thy benignant han
As in the thunder of thy dread commu
In common ch...

*Enter Florella, with Euphelia, Cleora,
Pastorella, Laurinda.*

FLORELLA (*aside to the Ladies.*)
how the goodly dame, with pious art,
each event a lesson to the heart!
see the duteous list'ners how they stand!
glement and delight go hand in hand.

URANIA.

where's Florella?

FLORELLA.

Here's the happy she,
Heaven most favour'd when it gave her thee.

URANIA.

who are these, in whose attractive mien,
sweetly blended, ev'ry grace is seen?
my Florella! say the cause why here
beauteous damsels on our plains appear?

FLORELLA.

led hither by Urania's fame,
bek her friendship, to these shades they came.
ng alone at morning's earliest dawn
them wand'ring on the distant lawn.

'Tis happiness we seek : O deign to tell
Where the coy fugitive delights to dwell !

URANIA.

Ah, rather say where you have sought this guest,
This lovely inmate of the virtuous breast ?
Declare the various methods you've essay'd
To court and win the bright celestial maid.
But first, tho' harsh the task, each beauteous fair
Her ruling passion must with truth declare.
From evil habits own'd, from faults confess'd,
Alone we trace the secrets of the breast,

EUPHELIA.

Bred in the regal splendours of a court,
Where pleasures, dress'd in every shape, resort,
I try'd the pow'r of pomp and costly glare,
Nor e'er found room for thought, or time for pray'r:
In diff'rent follies ev'ry hour I spent;
I shunn'd reflection, yet I sought content.
My hours were shar'd betwixt the park and play,
And music serv'd to waste the tedious day;
Yet softest airs no more with joy I heard,
If any sweeter warbler was preferr'd;
The dance succeeded, and, succeeding, tir'd,
If some more graceful dancer were admir'd.
No sounds but flatt'ry ever sooth'd my ear :
Ungentle truths I knew not how to bear.
The anxious day induc'd the sleepless night,
And my vex'd spirit never knew delight ;
Coy pleasure mock'd me with delusive charms ;
Still the thin shadow fled my clasping arms.
Or if some actual joy I seem'd to taste,
Another's pleasures laid my blessings waste :
One truth I prov'd, that lurking envy hides
In ev'ry heart where vanity presides.
A fairer face would rob my soul of rest,
And fix a scorpion in my wounded breast.
Or, if my elegance of form prevail'd,
And haply her inferior graces fail'd ;
Yet still some cause of wretchedness I found,
Some barbed shaft my shatter'd peace to wound.

ist! can the poor pre-eminence of dress
ie the pain'd heart, or give it happiness ?
can you think your robes, tho' rich and fine,
ess intrinsic value more than mine ?

URANIA.

so close our nature is to vice allied
r very comforts are the source of pride;
I dress, so much corruption reigns within,
both the consequence and cause of sin.

CLEORA.

If happiness unfound I too complain,
ight in a diff'rent path, but sought in vain !
gh'd for fame, I languish'd for renown,
ould be flatter'd, prais'd, admir'd, and known.
daring wing my mounting spirit soar'd,
I science through her boundless fields explored :
orn'd the salique laws of pedant schools,
ich chain our genius down by tasteless rules :
ng'd to burst these female bonds, which held
sex in awe, by vanity impell'd :
boast each various faculty of mind,
r graces, Pope! with Johnson's learning join'd;
e Swift, with strongly pointed ridicule,
heand the villain... and abash the fool .

Still my dramatic plans were

URANIA.

Who aims at ev'ry science,
The field how vast, how limite

CLEORA.

Abstruser studies soon my fair
The poet in th' astronomer forge
The schoolmen's systems now n
Their crystal spheres, their ator
Newton and Halley all my soul
And numbers less than calculati
Descartes, and Euclid, shar'd my
And plans and problems all my s
Less pleas'd to sing inspiring Ph
Than mark the flaming comet's d
The pale moon dancing on the sil
And the mild lustre of her trembl
No more could charm my philosop
Which sought her influence on the
No more ideal beauties fir'd my th
Which only facts and demonstratio
Let common eyes, I said, with tra
The earth's bright verdure, or the i
False is the plan...

PASTORELLA.

no joys could pomp or fame impart ;
thoughts possess'd my virgin heart.
nt parent formed my ductile youth,
ay footsteps in the paths of truth,
yself to cultivate my mind,
is novels their soft entrance find :
v'nous influence led my mind astray :
or something,—what I could not say.
virtues which were never seen,
for heroes who have never been ;
I with disgust at sober sense,
'd the pleasures worth and truth dispense ;
the manners of the world I saw ;
was fiction, and romance my law.
r'd thoughts my wand'ring fancy fill,
d a zephyr, and each brook a rill ;
dventures in each common tale,
d and sigh'd to every passing gale ;
I with echoes, woods, and shades, and bowers,
and grottos, fields, and streams, and flowers,
nt, more than crowds, had learn'd to please ;
b'rous leisure feeds the soft disease.
stic fancy ever moulds at will
nt image with a dangerous skill ;

perverted, Fa
My soul to all my sex's
I neither spoke nor look
To sense abandon'd and
A victim to imagination
Which stole my health,
Professions, void of mea
And still I found them f
Imagin'd all who courtes
Who prais'd, esteem'd m
Fondly I hop'd (now val
Each man was faithful,
Still disappointment mo
Still new-born wishes le

When in the rolling ye
I trust the next; the ne
The next, fallacious as th
And sends me on to still
They come, they promise
I live not, but I still inter
At length, deceiv'd in s
I joined these three in se

xi

Is this the world of whi
Are there no

Destroys the vital powers of moral health.

Till now, I've slept on life's tumultuous tide,
No principle of action for my guide.
From ignorance my chief misfortunes flow ;
I never wish'd to learn, or cared to know.
With every folly slow-paced time beguiled :
In size a woman, but in soul a child.
In slothful ease my moments crept away,
And busy trifles fill'd the tedious day ;
I lived extempore, as fancy fired,
As chance directed, or caprice inspired ;
Too indolent to think, too weak to choose,
Too soft to blame, too gentle to refuse ;
My character was stamp'd from those around ;
The figures they, my mind the simple ground.
Fashion, with monstrous forms, the canvas stain'd,
Till nothing of my genuine self remain'd ;
My pliant soul from chance received its bent,
And neither good perform'd, or evil meant.
From right to wrong, from vice to virtue thrown,
No character possessing of its own.
To shun fatigue I made my only law ;
Yet every night my wasted spirits saw.
No plan e'er mark'd the duties of the day,
Which stole in tasteless apathy away :

144 SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

The crowded world by vacant minds is sought,
Because it saves th' expense and pain of thought.

Disgusted, restless, every plan amiss,
I come with these in search of happiness.

URANIA.

O happy they for whom, in early age,
Enlightening knowledge spreads her letter'd page!
Teaches each headstrong passion to control,
And pours her liberal lesson on the soul!
Ideas grow from books, their natural food,
As aliment is changed to vital blood.
Though faithless Fortune strip her votary bare,
Though malice haunt him, and though envy tear,
Nor time, nor chance, nor want can e'er destroy
This soul-felt solace, and this bosom joy!

CLEORA.

We thus united by one common fate,
Each discontented with her present state,
One common scheme pursue; resolved to know
If happiness can e'er be found below.

URANIA.

Your candour, beauteous damsels, I approve,
Your foibles pity, and your merits love.
But ere I say the methods you must try
To gain the glorious prize for which you sigh,
Your fainting strength and spirits must be cheer'd
With a plain meal, by temperance prepared.

FLORELLA.

No luxury our humble board attends;
But love and concord are its smiling friends.

SONG.

HAIL, artless Simplicity, beautiful maid,
In the genuine attractions of Nature array'd;
Let the rich and the proud and the gay and the vain
Still laugh at the graces that move in thy train.

No charm in thy modest allurements they find;
The pleasures they follow a sting leave behind.
Can criminal passion enrapture the breast
Like virtue, with peace and serenity best?

Though cheap the musician, yet sweet is the song;
We catch the soft warbling in air as it floats,
And with ecstasy hang on the ravishing notes.

Our water is drawn from the clearest of springs,
And our food, nor disease nor satiety brings;
Our mornings are cheerful, our labours are blest,
Our evenings are pleasant, our nights crown'd with rest.

From our culture yon garden its ornament finds,
And we catch at the hint for improving our minds;
To live to some purpose we constantly try,
And we mark by our actions the days as they fly.

Since such are the joys that Simplicity yields,
We may well be content with our woods and our fields:
How useless to us, then, ye great, were your wealth,
When without it we purchase both pleasure and health!

[They retire into the Cottage.

SCENE—*A Rural Entertainment.*

Florella, Euphelia, Cleora, Laurinda, Pastorella.

Then, richer than kings, and as
My days shall pass sweetly and

When age shall steal on me,
And the moralist Time shakes h
What charm in lost beauty or v
My treasure, my wealth, is a sw

That peace I'll preserve then,
And taste in my bosom an earne
Thus virtue and wisdom can wa
And sixty may flourish as gay s

And when long I the burthen
borne,
And Death with his sickle shall
Resign'd to my fate, without m
I'll bless the kind summons, and

EUPHELIA

Thus sweetly pass the hours c
Here life is bliss, and pleasures

PASTORELL

With joy we view the dange
Assured we've found felicity at l

where pain shall be no more;
weary'd virtue shall for refuge fly,
ry tear be wiped from every eye.

CLEORA.

ing to you, my heart can never cease
ence virtue, and to sigh for peace.

FLOHELLA.

, e'en Urania, that accomplish'd fair,
oodness makes her Heaven's peculiar care,
born to all that affluence can bestow,
the deep reverse of human woe;
k in grief, and patient in distress,
w the hand that wounds has power to bless.
she bows, for what is left her still,
whose love dispenses good and ill;
who, with his bounty thousands fed,
t himself a place to lay his head;
who, that he might our wealth insure,
rich himself, consented to be poor.
by his precepts, by his practice taught,
I submitted, and resigned her thought,
faith she looks beyond this dark abode,
es of glory near the throne of God.

When pliant nature any form receives,
That precept teaches or examples gives,
The yielding mind with virtue should be g
For first impressions seldom are effaced.
Then holy habits, then chastised desires,
Should regulate disorder'd Nature's fires.
If ignorance then her iron sway maintain
If prejudice preside, or passion reign,
If vanity preserve her native sway,
If selfish tempers cloud the opening day,
If no kind hand impetuous pride restrain,
But for the wholesome curb we give the r
The erring principle is rooted fast,
And fix'd the habit that through life may

PASTORELLA.

With heartfelt penitence we now deplo
Those squander'd hours, which time can r

URANIA.

Euphelia sighs for flattery, dress, and s
Too common sources these of female woe
In beauty's sphere pre-eminence to find,
She slighted the culture of th' immortal m
I would not rail at beauty's charming po'
I would but have her aim at something n

Wild ambition's fire your bosom fill,
Des repress not—be ambitious still;
Her views your best attention claim,
Yet changed, the energy the same;
Every passions which our heart invade,
By pointed, blessings may be made.
The true ambition to excel
Best art—the art of living well.
Extirpate from your youthful breast
The torment which destroys your rest;
Your faults may take a higher aim,
Peless envy must be still the same.
Other passions may be turn'd to good,
They must subdue or be subdued.
All gangrene to our moral life,
All palliatives, and asks the knife:
Unspared, it taints the vital part,
And reads its deadly venom to the heart.

EUPHELIA.

Happy those to bliss who seek the way,
Or superior, or in splendour gay!
By thee, no more vain man shall find
Aim of flattery taint Euphelia's mind:
Instructed, still my views shall rise,
Up at any mark beneath the skies.

URANIA.

In Laurinda's uninstructed mind,
Want of culture, not of sense, we find:
Where you sought the good, or shunn'd the ill,
More from temper than from principle;
Indom life to no just rules reduced,
Hence the virtue or the vice produced.
Mortal goodness *Impulse* has to boast,
Morning dews, or transient showers, is lost:
Heaven-taught virtue pours her constant tide,
Streams by living fountains still supplied.
Mortal still, though late, your earnest care,
Spent the precious hours in vain despair:
With the good, attend the sage,
Only listen to experienced age.

... all may learn the true
Though low the talents, all
The gift of grace divine is.
She calls, solicits, courts, y
And points to mansions of

And when advanced in y
Think not with further car
'Tis fatal to the interests of
To stop the race before we're
For nought our higher prog
So much as thinking we're
The human heart ne'er kno
Bad leads to worse, and bett
We either gain or lose, we s
Nor rests our struggling natr
Then place the standard of p
Pursue and grasp it, e'en bey

LAURIN

O that important time coul
Those mis-spent hours whose
Accept, just Heaven, my pen
My heartfelt anguish, and m

A PASTORAL DRAMA.

Ah! happy she, whose wisdom learns to find
A healthful fancy, and a well-train'd mind!
A sick man's wildest dreams less wild are found
Than the day visions of a mind unsound.
Disorder'd fantasies indulged too much,
Like harpies, always taint whate'er they touch.
Fly soothing solitude! fly vain desire!
Fly such soft verse as fans the dangerous fire!
Seek action; 'tis the scene which virtue loves;
The vigorous sun not only shines, but moves.
From sickly thoughts with quick abhorrence start,
And rule the fancy if you'd rule the heart:
By active goodness, by laborious schemes,
Subdue wild visions, and delusive dreams.
No earthly good a Christian's views should bound,
For ever rising should his aims be found.
Leave that fictitious good your fancy feigns
For scenes where real bliss eternal reigns;
Look to that region of immortal joys,
Where fear disturbs not, nor possession cloys;
Beyond what fancy forms of rosy bowers,
Or blooming chaplets of unfading flowers;
Fairer than e'er imagination drew,
Or poet's warmest visions ever knew.
Press eager onward to those blissful plains
Where life eternal, joy perpetual reigns.

PASTORELLA.

I mourn the errors of my thoughtless youth,
And long, with thee, to tread the paths of truth.

URANIA.

Learning is all the bright Cleora's aim;
She seeks the loftiest pinnacle of fame;
On interdicted ground presumes to stand,
And grasps at science with a venturous hand;
The privilege of man she dares invade,
And tears the chaplet from his laurel'd head.
Why found her merit on a foreign claim?
Why lose a substance to acquire a name?
Let the proud sex possess their vaunted powers,
Be other triumphs, other glories, ours!

Of that quick intuition of the
Which feels the graceful, and
Which finds the right by short
An art which Nature teaches—
Thus conquering Sevigne the I
While Dacier only admiration

Know, fair Aspirer, could yo
To speak like Stonehouse, or to
To all the wonders of the poet's
Join all that taste can add, or w
With every various power of lea
The flow of style and the sublin
Yet if the milder graces of the n
Graces peculiar to the sex design
Good nature, patience, sweetnes
If these embellished not your vir
You might be dazzling but not tr
Might glare, but not emit a usefu
A meteor, not a star you would a
For Woman shines but in her pro

Accomplishments by Heaven we
Less to adorn than to amend the
Each should contribute to this gen
And all to virtue, as their centre,
Th' acquirements, which our best
Should not

UBANIA.

She shines adorn'd with every grace,
art all virtue, as all charms her face :
the wretched, and below the great,
leaven has fix'd her in a middle state ;
mon Fashion never warp'd her soul,
ssions move at piety's control ;
es the movements of her heart declare,
at she dares to be, she dares appear ;
red in dissimulation's school,
le by precept, and to blush by rule,
oughts ingenuous ever open lie,
rink from close inspection's keenest eye ;
k disguise about her heart is thrown ;
tue's interest fully to be known ;
atural sweetness every heart obtains ;
art and affectation miss, she gains.
ooths the path of my declining years,
nts my comforts, and divides my cares.

PASTORELLA.

ered friendship ! O exalted state !
oicest bounty of indulgent fate !

URANIA.

woman then her real good discern,
er true interests of Urania learn ;
ie fair violet, loveliest of the glade,
its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,
raws its modest head from public sight,
urts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light.
I some rude hand profanely dare intrude,
ear its beauties from its native wood,
ed abroad, its languid colours fly,
in decays, and all its odours die ;
man, born to dignify retreat,
own to flourish, and unseen be great,
s domestic life its sweetest charm,
oftness polish, and with virtue warm,
of fame, unwilling to be known,
eek but Heaven's applauses and her ov-

~~— a rear or secret~~
Applauding saints shall h
And He, who witness'd h

RUP!

With added grace she ple
Who from her life her virt

URA

In vain, ye fair, from pla
For that true peace which i
Nor change of fortune, nor
The bliss you seek which in
Then look no more abroad; :
Seek the true seat of happin
Nor small, my friends! the
Watch well yourselves, this
The cherish'd sin by each mi
New efforts added where the
The darling error check'd, th
The heart by penitence and ;
Nor hope for *perfect* happin
Celestial plants on earth relu
He who our frail mortality d
Though free from sin —

Through the passage, peaceful is the port,
Thine is thyself, the probation short.
mane wit beware the fatal pride ;
still follower, but a dangerous guide :
thy faith's inspiring pinions rise ;
rt your birth-right, and assume the skies.
uncial of Being ! teach us to devote
hoo each purpose, action, word, and thought !
grace our hope, thy love our only boast,
ll distinction in the Christian lost !
his in every state our wish alone,
ighty, Wise and Good, Thy will be done !

ODE TO CHARITY:
TO BE PERFORMED BY THE CHARACTERS
OF THE PRECEDING PIECE.

O CHARITY, divinely wise,
Thou meek-ey'd Daughter of the skies!
From the pure fountain of eternal light,
Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,
The beatific vision shines,
Where Angel with Archangel joins
In choral songs to sing his praise,
Parent of Life, Ancient of Days,
Who was ere Time existed, and shall be
Thro' the wide round of vast Eternity,
O come, thy warm celestial beams impart,
Enlarge my feelings, and expand my heart!

Descend from radiant realms above,
Thou effluence of that boundless love
Whence joy and peace in streams unsullied flow
O deign to make thy lov'd abode below!
Tho' sweeter strains adorn'd my tongue
Than Saint conceiv'd or Seraph sung,
And tho' my glowing Fancy caught
Whatever Art or Nature taught,
Yet if this hard unfeeling heart of mine
Ne'er felt thy force, O Charity divine!
An empty shadow science would be found:
My knowledge ignorance, my wit a sound!

Tho' my prophetic spirit knew
To bring futurity to view,
Without thy aid e'en this would nought avail,
For tongues shall cease, and prophecies shall fail
Come then, thou sweet immortal guest,
Shed thy soft influence o'er my breast,
Bring with thee Faith, divinely bright,
And Hope, fair harbinger of light,
To clear each mist with their pervading ray,
To fit my soul for Heav'n, and point the way;
There perfect happiness her sway maintains;
For there the God of peace for ever reigns.

THE
BAS BLEU:
OR,
CONVERSATION,

Addressed to Mrs. Vesey.

THE following Trifle owes its birth to mistakes of a Foreigner of Distinction, who had been often called, by her friends, the *Bas-blew* to friends, who had been often called, santry, the *Blue Stockings*. These have been sometimes misrepresented as composed of persons distinguished, their rank, talents, or respectable character; frequently at Mrs. Vesey's, and at a few meetings for the sole purpose of conversation, but entirely in no respect from other parties, but the company did not play at cards.

May the Author be permitted to bear testimony (which will not be suspected as being given down to the grave) to the many pleasant hours she had the honour to pass in the company; in which learning was as little pedantry, good taste as little tinctured with affectation, and general conversation as full of interest and pleasure as can be found in any assembly.

Awhile my idle strain attend:
Not with the days of early Greece,
I mean to ope my slender piece;
The rare Symposium to proclaim
Which crown'd th' Athenians' social name;
Or how Aspasia's parties shone,
The first *Bacchus* at Athens known;
Where Socrates unbending sat,
With Alcibiades in chat;
And Pericles vouchsafed to mix
Taste, wit, and mirth, with politics.
Nor need I stop my tale, to shew,
At least to readers such as you,
How all that Rome esteem'd polite,
Supp'd with Lucullus every night;
Lucullus, who, from Pontus come,

Intemperance, listening to the tale,
 Forgot the mullet growing* stale;
 And Admiration balanced hung
 'Twixt Peacocks' brains and Tully's tongue.
 I shall not stop to dwell on these,
 But be as epic as I please,
 And plunge at once *in medias res.*
 To prove the privilege I plead,
 I'll quote some Greek I cannot read;
 Stunn'd by authority, you yield,
 And I, not reason, keep the field.

Long was Society o'er-run
 By Whist, that desolating Hun;
 Long did Quadrille despotic sit,
 That Vandal of colloquial wit;
 And Conversation's setting light
 Lay half obscured in Gothic night;
 At length the mental shades decline,
 Colloquial wit begins to shine;
 Genius prevails, and Conversation
 Emerges into *Reformation.*
 The vanquish'd triple crown to you,
 Boscawen sage, bright Montagu,
 Divided, fell; your cares in haste
 Rescued the ravaged realms of Taste;
 And Lyttelton's accomplished name,
 And witty Pulteney shared the fame,
 The Men, not bound by pedant rules,
 Nor Ladies† *Precieuses ridicules;*
 For polish'd Walpole shew'd the way,
 How wits may be both learn'd and gay;
 And Carter taught the female train,
 The deeply wise are never vain;
 And she, who Shakspeare's wrongs redrest,
 Proved that the brightest are the best.
 This just deduction still they drew,
 And well they practised what they knew;

* Seneca says, that in his time the Romans were arrived at such a pitch of luxury, that the mullet was reckoned stale if it did not die in the hands of the guest.

† See Moliere's Comedy.

and turn, and equivoque,
y word they spoke!
bly bright,
a sense was put to flight;
so ingenious ever,
e to be quit so clever;
Wit forgot to please,
l Figure banish'd ease;
r smoked to thee,
, divine Simplicity!
nceit, which ever fails,
thesis prevails;
y destroys
boured joys;
lts and fetters tired,
n the Wits retired;
Exile houseless stray'd,
received the maid.
e she comes to bless our isle,
is her smile.
the lyre which Cambridge strung,
empty ball-room sung;
ive thy pitch, I doubt,
music would'st draw out;
r note presume

Where the dire *Circle* keeps its station,
Each common phrase is an oration;
And cracking fans, and whispering Misses,
Compose their conversation blisses.
The Matron marks the goodly show,
While the tall daughter eyes the Beau—
The frigid Beau! Ah! luckless fair,
'Tis not for you that studied air;
Ah! not for you that sidelong glance,
And all that charming nonchalance;
Ah! not for you the three long hours
He worshipp'd the 'Cosmetic powers,'
That finish'd head which breathes perfume,
And kills the nerves of half the room;
And all the murders meant to lie
In that large, languishing, grey eye;
Desist—less wild the attempt would be,
To warm the snows of Rhodope:
Too cold to feel, too proud to feign,
For him you're wise and fair in vain;
In vain to charm him you intend,
Self is his object, aim, and end.

Chill shade of that affected Peer,
Who dreaded Mirth, come safely here:
For here no vulgar joy effaces
Thy rage for polish, ton, and graces.
Cold Ceremony's leaden hand,
Waves o'er the room her poppy wand;
Arrives the stranger; every guest
Conspires to torture the distrest;
At once they rise—so have I seen—
You guess the simile I mean,
Take what comparison you please,
The crowded streets, the swarming bees,
The pebbles on the shores that lie,
The stars which form the galaxy;
These serve to embellish what is said,
And shew, besides, that one has read;—
At once they rise—the astonished guest
Back in a corner slinks, distrest;
Scared at the many bowing round,
And shock'd at her own voice's sound,

Forgot the thing she meant to say,
Her words, half-utter'd, die away,
In sweet oblivion down she sinks,
And of her next appointment thinks.
While her loud neighbour on the right,
Boasts what she has to do to-night ;
So very much, you'd swear her pride is
To match the labours of Alcides ;
'Tis true, in hyperbolic measure,
She nobly calls her labours *Pleasure* ;
In this, unlike Alcmena's son,
She never means they should be done ;
Her fancy of no *limits* dreams,
No *ne plus ultra* stops her schemes.
Twelve ! she'd have scorn'd the paltry round,
No pillars would have mark'd her bound ;
Calpe and Abyla in vain
Had nodded cross the opposing main ;
A circumnavigator she
On Ton's illimitable sea.

We pass the pleasures vast and various,
Of Routs, not social, but gregarious ;
Where high heroic self-denial
Sustains her self-inflicted trial.
Day labourers ! what an easy life,
To feed ten children and a wife !
No—I may juster pity spare
To the *night* labourer's keener care ;
And, pleased, to gentler scenes retreat,
Where *Conversation* holds her seat.

Small were that art which would ensure
The Circle's boasted quadrature !
See Vesey's* plastic genius make
A circle every figure take ;
Nay, shapes and forms which would defy
All science of Geometry ;
Isosceles, and Parallel,
Names, hard to speak, and hard to spell !

This amiable Lady was remarkable for her talent in breaking the formality of a circle, by inviting her parties to form themselves into little separate groupes.

And with her bore Des
Not only Geometric
Does this presiding po
But chemists too, who
Which makes or mars
Of her the secret rare :
How different kinds am
And he, who wilder stu
Find here a new metem
How forms can other fo
Within her Pythagoric :
Or be, and stranger is th
The very things which N
Nor strive by art and aff
To cross their genuine de
Here sober Duchesses an
Chaste Wits, and Critics
Physicians, fraught with
And Whigs and Tories in
Poets, fulfilling Christian
Just Lawyers, reasonable
Bishops who preach, and I
And Countesses who seldom
Learn'd Antiquaries, who
Reign .

Right pleasant were the ~~name~~,
But Rhyme's of such fastidious nature,
She proudly scorns all Nomenclature,
Nor grace our Northern names her lips,
Like Homer's catalogue of ships.

Once—faithful Memory! heave a sigh,
Here Roscius gladden'd every eye.
Why comes not Maro?—Far from town,
He rears the Urn to Taste, and Brown;
Plants Cypress round the Tomb of Gray,
Or decks his English Garden gay;
Whose mingled sweets exhale perfume,
And promise a perennial bloom.
Here, rigid Cato, awful sage!
Bold Censor of a thoughtless age,
Once dealt his pointed moral round,
And, not unheeded, fell the sound;
The Muse his honour'd memory weeps,
For Cato now with Roscius sleeps!
Here once Hortensius* loved to sit,
Apostate now from social wit:
Ah! why in wrangling senates waste
The noblest parts, the happiest taste?
Why Democratic thunders wield,
In the Muses' calmer field?

THE BAS BLEU:

O may thy worship long prevail,
 And thy true votaries never fail!
 Long may thy polish'd altars blaze
 With wax-lights' undiminish'd rays!
 Still be thy nightly offerings paid,
 Libations large of Lemonade!
 On silver vases, loaded, rise
 The biscuits' ample sacrifice!
 Nor be the milk-white streams forgot
 Of thirst-assuaging, cool orgeat;
 Rise, incense pure from fragrant Tea,
 Delicious incense, worthy Thee!
 Hail, Conversation, heavenly fair,
 Thou blisz of life and balm of care!
 Still may thy gentle reign extend,
 And taste with wit and science blend.
 Soft polisher of rugged man!
 Refiner of the social plan!
 For thee, best solace of his toil!
 The sage consumes his midnight oil;
 And keeps late vigils, to produce
 Materials for thy future use.
 Calls forth the else neglected knowledge
 Of School, of Travel, and of College,
 If none behold, ah! wherefore fair?
 Ah! wherefore wise, if none must hear?
 Our intellectual ore must shine,
 Not slumber, idly, in the mine.
 Let Education's moral mint
 The noblest images imprint;
 Let Taste her curious touchstone hold,
 To try if standard be the gold;
 But 'tis thy Commerce, Conversation,
 Must give it use by circulation;
 That noblest commerce of mankind,
 Whose precious merchandise is Mind!
 What stoic traveller would try
 A sterile soil, and parching sky.
 Or dare the intemperate Northern zo
 If what he saw must ne'er be known
 For this he bids his home farewell.
 The joy of seeing is to tell.

*Or search the ruins of Balbec ;
If these must hide old Nilus' fount,
Nor Lybian tales at home recount ;
If those must sink their learned labour,
Nor with their ruins treat a neighbour ?
Range—study—think—do all we can,
Colloquial pleasures are for man.*

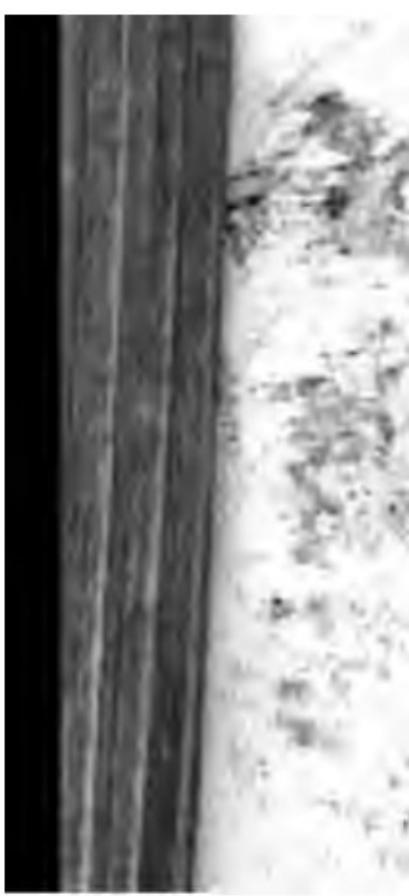
*Yet not from low desire to shine
Does genius toil in learning's mine ;
Not to indulge in idle vision,
But strike new light by strong collision,
Of Conversation, wisdom's friend,
This is the object and the end,*

S THE BAS BLEU :

And, at her new-found powers elated,
Thinks them not roused, but new created.
Enlighten'd spirits! you, who know
What charms from polish'd converse flow.
Speak, for you can, the pure delight
When kindling sympathies unite;
When correspondent tastes impart
Communion sweet from heart to heart;
You ne'er the cold gradations need
Which vulgar souls to union lead;
No dry discussion to unfold
The meaning caught ere well 'tis told:
In taste, in learning, wit, or science,
Still kindled souls demand alliance;
Each in the other joys to find
The image answering to his mind.
But sparks electric only strike
On souls electrical alike;
The flash of intellect expires,
Unless it meet congenial fires;
The language to th' Elect alone
Is, like the Mason's mystery, known;
In vain th' unerring sign is made
To him who is not of the *Trade*.
What lively pleasure to divine,
The thought implied, the hinted line,
To feel Allusion's artful force,
And trace the Image to its source!
Quick Memory blends her scatter'd ray
Till Fancy kindles at the blaze;
The works of ages start to view,
And ancient Wit elicits new.
But wit and parts if thus we praise,
What nobler altars should we raise,
Those sacrifices could we see
Which Wit, O Virtue! makes to the
At once the rising thought to dash,
To quench at once the bursting flas,
The shining mischief to subdue,
And lose the praise, and pleasure,
Though Venus' self, could you
Imbuing with her richest nec-

This is true continence of soul,
Blush, Heroes, at your cheap renown,
A vanquish'd realm, a plunder'd town!
Your conquest's were to gain a name,
This conquest triumphs over Fame;
So pure its essence, 'twere destroy'd
If known, and if commended, void,
Amidst the brightest truths believed,
Amidst the fairest deeds achieved,
Shall stand recorded and admired,
That Virtue sunk what Wit inspired!

But let the letter'd, and the fair,
And chiefly let the Wit beware ;
You, whose warm spirits never fail,
Forgive the hint which ends my tale.
O shun the perils which attend
On Wit, on Warmth, and heed your Friend ;
Though Science nursed you in her bowers,
Though Fancy crown your brow with flowers,
Each thought, though bright Invention fill,
Though Attic bees each word distil ;
Yet, if one gracious power refuse
Her gentle influence to infuse ;
If she withhold her magic spell,
Nor in the social Circle dwell ;
Nor in the hall listening crowds approve,
Nor in the bower where you will not love.



every year
Tis more than wit, 'tis mor
Tis pleasure rising out of du
Not vainly think the time y
When temper triumphs ove

FLORIO:

A TALE,

OF FINE GENTLEMEN AND FINE LADIES.

IN TWO PARTS.

It would be very flattering to me
the little Tale, which I now tak-
senting to you, could amuse a fatigued
tedious indisposition. It is, I can
return for the many hours of agreeable
and elegant amusement which I have
your spirited and very entertain-
am persuaded, that you will receive
small offering of esteem and grati-
of which the intention alone makes

The slight verses, Sir, which protection, will not, I fear, impress very favourable idea of my poem. I shall, at least, be suspected of having kept good company, when of the pleasantest hours of my life are spent in your conversation. I should be glad to assure you that, among all the lively persons I have heard from you, I do not remember any who have been allowed to bear my feeble testimony to the use of this charming faculty, & but which can only be safely tried.

F L O R I O.

PART I.

FLORIO, a youth of gay renown,
Who figured much about the town,
Had pass'd, with general approbation,
The modish forms of education;
Knew what was proper to be known,
The establish'd jargon of Bon-ton;
Had learnt, with very moderate reading,
The whole new system of good breeding:
He studied to be cold and rude,
Though native feeling would intrude:
Unlucky sense and sympathy,
Spoilt the vain thing he strove to be:
For Florio was not meant by nature,
A silly, or a worthless creature:
He had a heart disposed to feel,
Had life and spirit, taste and zeal;
Was handsome, generous; but, by fate,
Predestined to a large estate!
Hence, all that graced his opening days,
Was marr'd by pleasure, spoilt by praise.
The Destiny, who wove the thread
Of Florio's being, sigh'd, and said,
'Poor Youth! this cumbrous twist of gold,
More than my shuttle well can hold,
For which thy anxious fathers toil'd,
Thy white and even thread has spoil'd:
'Tis this shall warp thy pliant youth
From sense, simplicity, and truth,
Thy erring sire, by wealth misled,
Shall scatter pleasures round thy head,
When wholesome discipline's control,
Should brace the sinews of thy soul;

... inaction renders worse,
While labour mitigates the curse.
The idle, life's worst burthens bear,
And meet, what toil escapes, despair.

Forgive, nor lay the fault on me,
This mixture of mythology;
The Muse of Paradise has deign'd
With truth to mingle fables feign'd;
And tho' the Bard who would attain
The glories, Milton, of thy strain,
Will never reach thy style or thoughts,
He may be like thee—in thy faults.

Exhausted Florio, at the age
When youth should rush on glory's sta,
When life should open fresh and new,
And ardent hope her schemes pursue;
Of youthful gaiety bereft,
Had scarce an unbroach'd pleasure left;
He found already to his cost,
The shining gloss of life was lost;
And pleasure was so coy a prude,
She fled the more, the more pursued;
Or if, o'er taken and caress'd
He loath'd and left her when possess'd.
But Florio knew the world; that science
Sets sense and learning at a

name the groupes which fill the scene ;
Rhyme's of such fastidious nature,
proudly scorns all Nomenclature,
grace our Northern names her lips,
Homer's catalogue of ships.
ice—faithful Memory ! heave a sigh,
Roscius gladden'd every eye.
comes not Maro?—Far from town,
ears the Urn to Taste, and Brown ;
ts Cypress round the Tomb of Gray,
ecks his *English Garden* gay ;
se mingled sweets exhale perfume,
promise a perennial bloom.
e, rigid Cato, awful sage !
Censor of a thoughtless age,
e dealt his pointed moral round,
not unheeded, fell the sound ;
Muse his honour'd memory weeps,
Cato now with Roscius sleeps !
e once Hortensius* loved to sit,
state now from social wit :
why in wrangling senates waste
noblest parts, the happiest taste ?
y Democratic thunders wield,
quit the Muses' calmer field ?
e thou the gentler joys they give.

Knew what was in Italics writ;
Explain'd fictitious names at will,
Each gutted syllable could fill;
There oft, in paragraphs, his name
Gave symptom sweet of growing f.
Tho' yet they only serv'd to hint
That Florio lov'd to see in print,
His ample buckles' alter'd shape,
His buttons chang'd, his varying c
And many a standard phrase was
Might rival *bore*, or banish *quiz*;
The man who grasps this young re
And early starts for fashion's crow
In time that glorious prize may w
Which clubs, and ev'n Newmarke

He studied while he dress'd, fo
He read *Compendiums, Extracts,*
Abreges, Dictionnaires, Recueils,
Mercures, Journaux, Extraits, a
No work in substance now is folle
The Chemic Extract only 's swall
He lik'd those literary cooks
Who skim the cream of others' bo
And ruin half an Author's graces,
By plucking bon-mots from their

acks of toil, and smells of college,
the memory useless lies,
akes men—good and wise.
t have merit once indeed,
or other ends we read.
l he had, Bellario hight,
g, reading, learned wight;
with men of Florio's breeding,
prodigy of reading.
each stale and vapid lie
of French Philosophy ;
we fairly may presume,
rho down to David Hume,
llicult to single out
ore full of shallow doubt ;
the little sceptic prattle,
st's paltry arts of battle ;
ively of the Atomic dance,
fitness, fate, and chance ;
he system of Lucretius,
atchless verse makes nonsense specious !
s doctrine owes its merits,
mous reptiles kept in spirits.
eptics dull his schemes rehearse,
t not souls to taste his verse.
ounds his reputation

He worshipp'd cert
Who History write
In pointed periods,
And all the small pe
Which crowd the pe
Where fact is dropt
Where notes indecom
Serve to *raise* doubt
Where all is spangle
And truth is overlaid
Arts scorn'd by Hist
Arts Clarendon disda
Whate'er the subje
'Twas larded still wit
Begin whatever them
In unbelief he lands ;
The good, with shame
Not half this proselyti
While cold their Mast
Content to go to Heav
The infidel, in liberal
Would carry all the w
Would treat his wife, f
Mankind—with what?

in the learning of the Town,
never other science knew,
that from that prime source they drew ;
ed to the Opera, they repair,
t recruits of knowledge there ;
ology gain at a glance,
earn the Classics from a dance :
id they ne'er cared a groat,
fared the venturous Argonaut ;
harm'd they see Medea rise
ry dragons to the skies.

Iido,* though they never knew her,
aro's magic pencil drew her,
ful and fond, and broken-hearted,
ious vagabond departed ;
or Didone how they roar !

Cara ! Cara ! loud encore.

e taste Bellario's soul possess'd,
naster passion of his breast ;
is not one of those frail joys,
h by possession quickly cloys ;
bliss was solid, constant, true ;
s action, and 'twas passion too,
ough the business might be finish'd,
leasure scarcely was diminish'd,
e ride out, or sit, or walk ?

They fondly fancy that repletion
Was the *chief good* of that famed Grecian,
To live in gardens full of flowers,
And talk philosophy in bowers,
Or, in the covert of a wood,
To descant on the *sovereign good*,
Might be the notion of their founder
But they have notions vastly sounder;
Their bolder standards they erect,
To form a more substantial sect;
Old Epicurus would not own 'em,
A dinner is *their sumnum bonum*.
More like you'll find such sparks as these
To Epicurus' deities;
Like them they mix not with affairs,
But loll and laugh at human cares,
To beaux this difference is allow'd
They choose a sofa for a cloud;
Bellario had embraced with glee
This practical philosophy.

Young Florio's father had a friend,
And ne'er did Heaven a worthier send;
A cheerful knight of good estate,
Whose heart was warm, whose bounty great,
Where'er his wide protection spread,
The sick were cheer'd, the hungry fed;
Resentment vanish'd where he came,
And lawsuits fled before his name:
The old esteemed, the young caress'd him,
And all the smiling village bless'd him.
Within his castle's Gothic gate,
Sate Plenty, and old-fashion'd State:
Scarce prudence could his bounties stint;
Such characters are out of print.
O! would kind Heaven, the age to mend,
A new edition of them send,
Before our tottering Castles fall,
And swarming Nabobs seize on all!
Some little whims he had, 'tis true,
But they were harmless, and were few;
He dreaded nought like alteration,
Improvement still was innovation;

He thought portended its decay :
And feared 'twould shew a falling state,
If Sternhold should give way to Tate,
The Church's downfall he predicted,
Were modern tunes not interdicted ;
He scorn'd, them all, but crown'd with palm
The man who set the hundredth psalm.

Of moderate parts, of moderate wit,
But parts for life and business fit,
Whate'er the theme, he did not fail,
At Popery and the French to rail :
And started wide, with fond digression,
To praise the Protestant succession ;
Of Blackstone he had read a part,
And all Burns' Justice knew by heart.
He thought man's life too short to waste
On idle things call'd wit and taste.
In books that he might lose no minute,
His very verse had business in it.
He ne'er had heard of Bards of Greece,
But had read half of Dyer's Fleece.
His sphere of knowledge still was wider,
His Georgics, ' Philips upon Cyder,'
He could produce in proper place,
Three apt quotations from the ' Chase,'*
And in his hall from day to day.

And well she prancessed w^m ---
Led by Simplicity divine,
She pleased, and never tried to
She gave to chance each unsch-

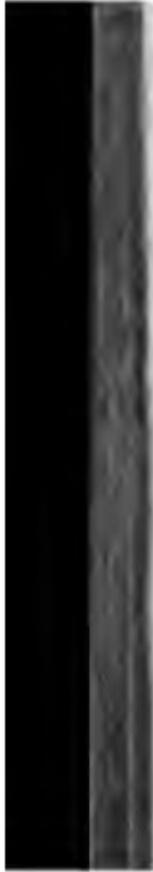
And left her cause to sense and
The sire of Florio, ere he die
Decreed fair Celia Florio's brid
Bade him his latest wish atten-
And win the daughter of his fr
When the last rites to him wen
He charged him to address the
Sir Gilbert's heart the wish ap
For much his ancient friend h

Six rapid months like lightn
And the last gray was now thi
Florio, reluctant calls to mind
The orders of a sire too kind;
Yet go he must, he must fulfil
The hard conditions of the wi
Go, at that precious hour of p
Go, at that swarming bustling
When the full town to joy in
Distracted with its own deligh
When pleasure pours from he
Each tiresome transport in it

ee sure balls in one short night;
nay conceive what Florio felt,
ympathetically melt;
nay conceive the hardship dire,
vns and woodlands to retire,
freed from Winter's icy chain,
Nature revels on the plain;
blushing spring leads on the hours,
May is prodigal of flowers;
passion warbles through the grove,
all is song, and all is love;
new-born breezes sweep the vale,
health adds fragrance to the gale.

PART II.

ays, unconscious of their weight,
lodged him at Sir Gilbert's gate;
rusty Swiss, who flew still faster,
unced the arrival of his master:
ud the rap which shook the door,
all re-echoed to the roar;
first the castle walls were rear'd
read a sound had ne'er been heard;
in alarm'd the frighten'd deer



Had been too active, too like *pan*
Or had he been to *Tos* less true,
Cupid had shot him through and
But, vainly speeds the surest day
Where Fashion's mail defends the
The shaft her cold repulsion foun
And fell, without the power to w
For Fashion, with a mother's joy
Dipp'd in her lake the darling b
That lake, whose chilling waves
The gift to freeze the human hea
Yet guarded as he was with phl
With such delight he eyed the d
Found his cold heart so melt bef
And felt so ready to adore her;
That Fashion fear'd her son wou
And flew to snatch him from the
O'er his touch'd heart her *Aegis*
The Goddess Mother straight he
Her pow'r he own'd, she saw an
And claim'd the triumph of her
 Celia a table still supplied,
Which modish luxury might de
A modest feast the hope convey:

But, such was his unlucky whim,
Plain meats would ne'er agree with him ;
Yet feign'd to praise the gothic treat,
And, if he ate not, seem'd to eat.

In sleep sad Florio hoped to find,
The pleasures he had left behind,
He dreamt, and, lo ! to charm his eyes,
The form of Weltje* seem'd to rise;
The gracious vision waved his wand,
And banquets sprung to Florio's hand;
Th' imaginary savours rose
In tempting odours to his nose.
A bell, not Fancy's false creation,
Gives joyful ' note of preparation ;'
He starts, he wakes, the bell he hears ;
Alas ! it rings for morning prayers.

But how to spend next tedious morning,
Was past his possible discerning ;
Unable to amuse himself,
He tumbled every well-ranged shelf ;
This book was dull, and that was wise,
And this was monstrous as to size.
With eager joy he gobbled down
Whate'er related to the town ;
Whate'er look'd small, whate'er look'd new,
Half-bound, or stitch'd in pink or blue ;
Old play-bill, Astley's last year's feats,
And Opera disputes in sheets,
As these dear records meet his eyes,
Ghosts of departed pleasures rise ;
He lays the book upon the shelf,
And leaves the day to spend itself.

To cheat the tedious hours, whene'er
He sallied forth to take the air,
His sympathetic ponies knew
Which way their Lord's affections drew ;
And, every time he went abroad,
Sought of themselves the London road ;
He ask'd each mile of every clown,
How far they reckon'd it to town ?

* A celebrated Cook and Confectioner.

And still his nimble spirits rise,
Whilst thither he directs his eyes ;
But when his coursers back he guides,
The sinking Mercury quick subsides.

A week he had resolved to stay,
But found a week in every day ;
Yet if the gentle maid was by,
Faint pleasure glisten'd in his eye ;
Whene'er she spoke, attention hung
On the mild accents of her tongue ;
But when no more the room she graced,
The slight impression was effaced.
Whene'er Sir Gilbert's sporting guests
Retail'd old news, or older jests,
Florio, quite calm, and debonair,
Still humm'd a new Italian air ;
He did not even feign to hear them,
But plainly shew'd he could not bear them.

Celia perceived his secret thoughts,
But liked the youth with all his faults ;
Yet 'twas unlike, she softly said,
The tales of love which she had read,
Where heroes vow'd, and sigh'd, and knelt ;
Nay, 'twas unlike the love she felt ;
Though when her sire the youth would blame,
She clear'd his but suspected fame,
Ventured to hope, with faltering tongue,
‘ He would reform, he was but young ;’
Confess'd his manners wrong in part,
‘ But then—he had so good a heart !’
She sunk each fault, each virtue raised,
And still, where truth permitted, praised ;
His interest farther to secure,
She praised his bounty to the poor ;
For, votary as he was of art,
He had a kind and melting heart ;
Though, with a smile, he used to own
He had not time to feel in town ;
Not that he blush'd to shew compassion,—
It chanced that year to be the fashion,
And equally the modish tribe.
To Clubs or Hospitals subscribe.

At length, to wake Ambition's flame,
A letter from Bellario came;
Announcing the supreme delight,
Preparing for a certain night,
By Flavia fair, return'd from France,
Who took him captive at a glance:
The invitations all were given!
Five hundred cards!—a little heaven!—
A dinner first—he would present him,
And nothing, nothing must prevent him.
Whoever wish'd a noble air,
Must gain it by an *entree* there;
Of all the glories of the town,
'Twas the first passport to renown.
Then ridiculed his rural schemes,
His pastoral shades, and purling streams;
Sneer'd at his present *brilliant* life,
His polish'd sire, and high-bred wife!
Thus doubly to inflame, he tried,
His curiosity, and pride.

The youth, with agitated heart,
Prepared directly to depart;
But, bound in honour to obey
His father, at no distant day,
He promis'd soon to hasten down,
Though business call'd him now to town;
Then feintly hints a cold proposal—
But leaves it to the Knight's disposal—
Stammer'd half words of love and duty,
And mutter'd much of 'worth and beauty';
Something of 'passion' then he dropt,
'And hoped his *ardour*'—Here he stopt;
For some remains of native truth
Flush'd in his face, and check'd the youth;
Yet still the ambiguous suffusion,
Might pass for artless love's confusion.
The doating father thought 'twas strange,
But fancied men like times might change;
Yet own'd, nor could he check his tongue,
It was not so when he was young.
That was the reign of Love, he swore,
Whose halcyon days are now no more.

And manly gallantry the issue
Yet pure as ardent was the fire
Excited by the beauteous dame
Hope could subsist on slender
And suitors gallop'd o'er two
The Ball's fair partner to behold
Or humbly hope—she caught

But mark how much Love
Should beauty's Goddess now
On some adventure should al
To grace a modish drawing-
Spite of her form and heaves
What Beau would hand her
Vain were that grace, whic
Dissolved what Beauty had
Vain were that motion whic
The goddess was no earth-be
If noxious Faro's baneful sp
With rites infernal ruled th
The group absurd'b in play
Venus might call her doves

As Florio pass'd the Cast
His spirits seem to lose thei
He feasts his lately vacant

La bonté

in dawn'd the day which was to shew
Florio what was heaven below.
a, admired wherever known,
cknowledged Empress of bon-ton;
Fashion's wayward kingdom reigns,
holds Bellario in her chains:
us her powers; a wit by day,
ight unmatch'd for lucky play.
lattering, fashionable tribe,
stray bon-mot to her ascribe;
all her⁴ little senate' own
made the best *Charade* in town;
midnight suppers always drew
te'er was fine, whate'er was new.
s oft the brightest fame you'd see
victim of a repartee;
lander's priestess still supplies
spotless for the sacrifice.
at her polish'd table sit,
who aspired to modish wit;
Mersiflage, th' unfeeling jeer,
civil, grave, ironic sneer;
augh, which more than censure wounds,
h, more than argument, confounds.
e the fair deed, which would engage
wonder of a nobler age,
unbelieving scorn is heard.
ill to selfish ends referr'd:
the deed no flaw they find,
me base motive 'tis assign'd
n Malice longs to throw her dart,
finds no vulnerable part,
use the Virtues all defend,
very pass, their guarded friend;
by one slight insinuation,
scarce perceived exaggeration;
Ridicule, with half a word,
fix her stigma of—absurd;
care, nor skill, extracts the dart,
which she stabs the feeling heart;
uel caustica inly pain,
ars indelible remain.

Her constant table was as fine
As if ten Rajahs were to dine :
She every day produced such fis
Would gratify the nice Apicius,
Or realize what we think fabulou
I' th' bill of fare of Heliogabalus.
Yet still the natural taste was ch
'Twas deluged in some sauce one
Twas sauce! 'twas sweetmeat! '
All poignancy ! and all perfectio
Rich *Entremets*, whose name no
Ragouts, *Tourtes*, *Tendrons*, *Fri*
Might picque the sensuality
O' th' hogs of Epicurus' sty ;
Yet all so foreign and so fine,
'Twas easier to admire, than di
O ! if the Muse has power to te
Each dish, no Muse had power to
Great Goddess of the French *Cul*
Not with unhallow'd hands I me
To violate thy secret shade,
Which eyes profane shall ne'er i
No ! of thy dignity supreme,
I, with ' mysterious reverence,'
Or, should I venture with rash h
The vulgar would not understand

umptuous joy Bellario found,
thus his every wish was crown'd.
rio, as the best of friends,
ish he secretly commends ;
hinted, as a special favour,
gave it that delicious flavour ;
stery he so much reveres,
ever to unhallow'd ears
d trust it, but to him would shew
far true Friendship's power could go.
rio, though dazzled by the *fête*,
far inferior transport eat ;
le warp his taste had gain'd,
h, unperceived, till now, remain'd ;
rom himself he would conceal
change he did not choose to feel ;
most wish'd he could be picking
asophisticated chicken ;
when he cast his eyes around,
not one simple morsel found,
e me, was his secret wish,
arming Celia's plainest dish !
as Nature, struggling for her rights,
in some little, casual lights,
Love combines to war with Fashion,
gh yet 'twas but an infant passion ;
ractised Flavia tried each art
y attack to steal his heart ;
orced civilities oppress,
uing through mere graciousness ;
e many a gay, intrepid dame,
old assault essay'd the same.
with disgust, he strove to fly
rtful glance and fearless eye ;
jargon now no more he praises,
choes back their flimsy phrases.
lt not Celia's powers offace,
reigh'd against *bon-ton* grimace ;
alf her genuine beauties tasted,
ith factitious charms contrasted.
lustrious harpies hover'd round,
ace nor liberty he found ;

By force and flattery circumvented,
To play reluctant, he consented ;
Each dame her power of pleasing tried,
To fix the novice by her side ;
Of Pigeons, he the very best,
Who wealth, with ignorance, possest :
But Flavia's rhetoric best persuades,
That Sibyl leads him to the shades ;
The fatal leaves around the room,
Prophetic, tell th' approaching doom !
Yet, different from the tale of old,
It was the fair one pluck'd the gold ;
Her arts the ponderous purse exhaust,
A thousand borrow'd, staked, and lost,
Wakes him to sense and shame again,
Nor force, nor fraud, could more obtain.

He rose, indignant, to attend
The summons of a ruin'd friend,
Whom keen Bellario's arts betray
To all the depths of desperate play ;
A thoughtless youth who near him sate,
Was plunder'd of his whole estate ;
Too late he call'd for Florio's aid,
A beggar in a moment made.

And now, with horror, Florio views
The wild confusion which ensues ;
Marks how the Dames, of late so fair,
Assume a fierce demoniac air ;
Marks where th' infernal furies hold
Their orgies foul o'er heaps of gold ;
And spirits dire appear to rise,
Guarding the horrid mysteries ;
Marks how deforming passions tear
The bosoms of the losing fair ;
How looks convulsed, and haggard faces
Chase the scared Loves and frighten'd Gr.
Touch'd with disdain, with horror fired,
Celia ! he murmur'd, and retired.

That night no sleep his eyelids prest,
He thought ; and thought 's a foe to rest
Or if, by chance, he closed his eyes,
What hideous spectres round him rise !

With bursting heart, and wringing hands;
And every horror dreams bestow,
Of pining want, or raving woe.

Next morn, to check, or cherish thought,
His library's retreat he sought;
He view'd each book, with cold regard,
Of serious sage, or lighter bard;
At length among the motley band,
The Idler fell into his hand;
Th' alluring title caught his eye,
It promised cold inanity:
He read with rapture and surprise,
And found 'twas pleasant, though 'twas wise;
His tea grew cold, whilst he, unheeding,
Pursued this reasonable reading.
He wonder'd at the change he found,
Th' elastic spirits nimbly bound;
Time slipt, without disgust, away,
While many a card unanswered lay;
Three papers, reeking from the press,
Three pamphlets thin, in azure dress,
Ephemeral literature well known,
The lie and scandal of the town;
Poison of letters, morals, time!
Assassin of our day's fresh prime!
These, on his table, half the day,

When sudden to his mental sight,
Uprose the horrors of last night;
His plunder'd friend before him stands,
And—'not at home,' his firm commands.
He felt the conquest as a joy
The first temptation would destroy.
He knew next day that Hymen's hand,
Would tack the slight and slippery band,
Which, in loose bondage, would ensnare
Bellario bright and Flavia fair.
Oft had he promised to attend
The nuptials of his happy friend :
To go—to stay—alike he fears;
At length a bolder flight he dares;
To Celia he resolves to fly,
And catch fresh virtue from her eye ;
Though three full weeks did yet remain,
Ere he engaged to come again.
This plan he tremblingly embraced,
With doubtful zeal, and fluttering haste ;
Nor ventured he one card to read,
Which might his virtuous scheme impede ;
Each note, he dreaded might betray him,
And shudder'd lest each rap should stay him.
Behold him seated in his chaise ;
With face that self-distrust betrays ;
He hazards not a single glance,
Nor through the glasses peeps by chance,
Lest some old friend, or haunt well known,
Should melt his resolution down.
Fast as his foaming coursers fly,
Hyde-Park attracts his half-raised eye ;
He steals one fearful, conscious look,
Then drops his eye upon his book.
Triumphant he persists to go ;
But gives one sigh to *Rotten Row*.
Long as he view'd Augusta's towers
The sigh relax'd his thinking powers ;
In vain he better plans revolves,
While the soft scene his soul dissolves ;
The towers once lost, his view he bends,
Where the receding smoke ascends ;

His heart was gay, his humour bright;
Thus feeling, at his inmost soul,
The sweet reward of self-control.
Impatient now, and all alive,
He thought he never should arrive ;
At last he spies Sir Gilbert's trees ;
Now the near battlements he sees ;
The gates he enter'd with delight,
And self-announced, embraced the knight :
The youth his joy unfeign'd express'd,
The knight with joy received his guest,
And own'd, with no unwilling tongue,
'Twas done like men when he was young.
Three weeks subducted, went to prove,
A feeling like old-fashion'd love.
For Celia, not a word she said,
But blush'd, 'celestial, rosy red !'
Her modest charms transport the youth,
Who promised everlasting truth.

Celia, in honour of the day,
Unusual splendour would display :
Such was the charm her sweetness gave,
He thought her Wedgwood had been *seve* ;
Her taste diffused a gracious air,
And chaste Simplicity was there,
Whose secret power, though silent, great is.

Each rural scene enchant's his eyes;
With transport he begins to look
On Nature's all-instructive book;
No objects now seem mean, or low,
Which point to HIM from whom they flow.
A berry or a bud excites
A chain of reasoning which delights,
Which, spite of sceptic ebullitions,
Proves Atheists not the best logicians.
A tree, a brook, a blade of grass,
Suggests reflections as they pass,
Till Florio, with a sigh, confess
The simplest pleasures are the best!
Bellario's systems sink in air,
He feels the perfect, good, and fair.
As pious Celia raised the theme
To holy faith and love supreme;
Enlighten'd Florio learn'd to trace
In Nature's God the God of Grace.

In wisdom as the convert grew,
The hours on rapid pinions flew;
When call'd to dress, that Titus wore
A wig the alter'd Florio swore;
Or else, in estimating time,
He ne'er had mark'd it as a crime,
That he had lost but *one day's* blessing,

The golden sun illumes the globe,
The burning torch, the saffron robe,
Just as of old, glad Hymen wears,
And Cupid as of old, appears
In Hymen's train ; so strange the case,
They hardly knew each other's face ;
Yet both confess'd with glowing heart,
They never were design'd to part ;
Quoth Hymen, Sure you're strangely slighted,
At weddings not to be invited ;
The reason's clear enough, quoth Cupid,
My company is thought but stupid,
Where Plutus is the favourite guest,
For he and I scarce speak at best.

The self-same sun which joins the twain,
Sees Flavia severed from her swain :
Bellario sues for a divorce,
And both pursue their separate course.

Oh wedded love ; thy bliss how rare !
And yet the ill-assorted pair,
The pair who choose at Fashion's voice,
Or drag the chain of venal choice,
Have little cause to curse the state ;
Who make, should never blame their fate ;
Such flimsy ties, say where's the wonder
If Doctors' Commons snap asunder.

In either case, 'tis still the wife
Gives cast and colour to the life.
Florio, escaped from Fashion's school,
His heart and conduct learns to rule ;
Conscience his useful life approves ;
He serves his God, his country loves ;
Reveres her laws, protects her rights,
And, for her interests, pleads or fights ;
Reviews with scorn his former life,
And, for his rescue, thanks his Wife.

Sons of Mercy ! O complete your work ;
enrich from Oppression's hand the iron rod,
I bid the cruel feel the pains they give.

Thomson's Liberty.

en has into being deign'd to call
, O Liberty ! to shine on all ;
tellectual sun ! why does the ray
distribute only partial day ?
resisting cause from spirit flows
ersal presence to oppose ;
bles by Nature's hand imprest,
e and ethereal beams arrest ;
'd by matter is thy course benign,
direct or more oblique to shine ;
on's laws can speed thy active course,
g repulsion's powers obstruct thy force :
re is no convexity in mind,
thy genial beams to parts confined ?
e chill North with thy bright lay is blest,
old fell darkness half the South invests !
creed, fair Freedom ! at thy birth,
t shouldst ne'er irradiate *all* the earth !
tain basks in thy full blaze of light,
sad Afric quench'd in total night !
nly, sober Goddess ! I attest,

tubborn mouth, rejecting Reason's rein,
gth can govern, and no skill restrain ;
agic cries the frantic vulgar draw
at order, and to outrage law ;
on grave authority and power,
ke the work of ages in an hour :
d her voice, and pestilent her breath,
s of mercy, while she deals out death :
st is fate ; she darts from either hand
flagration o'er the astonish'd land ;
ing for peace, she rends the air with
oise,
eform a part, the whole destroys ;
oppression only to oppress,
the act of murder, breathes redress.
ve we seen on Freedom's genuine coast,
ng for blessings which were never lost.
, and reason rules the lucid hour,
uteous Order re-assumes his power :
the bright ascendant may he reign,
ect Peace eternal sway maintain !*
ative Southerne,† whose impassion'd page
lt the soul to grief, or rouse to rage !
hen congenial themes engage the Muse,
ns to emulate thy generous views ;

For no fictitious ills these numbers flow,
But living anguish, and substantial woe
No individual griefs my bosom melt,
For millions feel what Oronoko felt :
Fired by no single wrongs, the countless
I mourn, by rapine dragg'd from Afric's

Perish th' illiberal thought which wou
The native genius of thes able race !
Perish the proud philosophy which sougl
To rob them of their powers of equal thou
Does then th' immortal principle within
Change with the casual colour of a skin ?
Does matter govern spirit ? or is mind
Degraded by the form to which 'tis join'd

No : they have heads to think, and hea
And souls to act, with firm, though erring
For they have keen affections, kind desire
Love strong as death, and active patriot t
All the rude energy, the fervid flame,
Of high-soul'd passion, and ingenuous sh
Strong, but luxuriant virtues boldly shoot
From the wild vigour of a savage root.

Nor weak their sense of honour's proud
For pride is virtue in a Pagan soul ;
A sense of worth, a conscience of desert,
~~A high unbashful modesty~~

Not that mad Liberty, in whose wild praise
Too oft he trims his prostituted bays;
Not that unlicensed monster of the crowd,
Whose roar terrific bursts in peals so loud,
Deaf'ning the ear of Peace; fierce Faction's tool,
Of rash Sedition born, and mad Misrule;
Whose stubborn mouth, rejecting Reason's rein,
No strength can govern, and no skill restrain;
Whose magic cries the frantic vulgar draw
To spurn at order, and to outrage law;
To tread on grave authority and power,
And shake the work of ages in an hour:
Convulsed her voice, and pestilent her breath,
She raves of mercy, while she deals out death:
Each blast is fate; she darts from either hand
Red conflagration o'er the astonish'd land;
Clamouring for peace, she rends the air with
noise,
And to reform a part, the whole destroys;
Reviles oppression only to oppress,
And, in the act of murder, breathes redress.
Such have we seen on Freedom's genuine coast,
Bellowing for blessings which were never lost.
Tis past, and reason rules the lucid hour,
And beauteous Order re-assumes his power:
Lord of the bright ascendant may he reign,
Till perfect Peace eternal sway maintain!*

O, plaintive Southerne,† whose impassion'd page
Can melt the soul to grief, or rouse to rage!
Now, when congenial themes engage the Muse,
She burns to emulate thy generous views;
Her failing efforts mock her fond desires,
She shares thy feelings, not partakes thy fires.
Strange power of song! the strain that warms the
heart
Seems the same inspiration to impart;
Touch'd by th' extrinsic energy alone,
We think the flame which melts us is our own;
Deceived, for genius, we mistake delight,
Charm'd as we read, we fancy we can write.

* Alluding to the riots of London in the year 1790.
† Author of the Tragedy of Oronoko.

In all, the love of Home an
And Tempe's vale, and parc
One equal fondness of their
Th' unconquer'd savage lau,
Basking in Freedom's beam
soil.

Does thirst of empire, do
(For these are specious cri
No : sordid lust of gold thei
The basest appetite of bases
Gold, better gain'd by what
Their fertile fields, their art

What wrongs, what injur
To smooth the crime and sa
What strange offence, wha
They stand convicted—of a
Barbarians, hold! th' oppre
Respect His sacred image v
Though dark and savage, ig
They claim the common pri
Let malice strip them of ea
They still are men, and me
Insulted Reason loathes th
Loathes, as she views the l

* Besides many valuable prod

u wast born where never gentle Muse
our's grave the flowers of Genius strews,
u wast born where no recording page
the fair deed from Time's devouring rage.
rtune placed thee on some happier coast,
polish'd Pagans souls heroic boast,
, who sought'st a voluntary grave,
ajur'd honours of thy name to save,
generous arm thy barbarous Master spar'd,
ad smok'd, and temples had been rear'd.
er to Afric's shores I turn my eyes,
of deepest, deadliest guilt arise ;
y more than Fancy's mirror shewn,
ning village, and the blazing town :
dire victim torn from social life,
ieking babe, the agonizing wife!
retch forlorn ! is dragg'd by hostile hands,
nt tyrants sold, in distant lands !
itted miseries, and successive chains,
e sad heritage her child obtains !
is last wretched boon their foes deny,
p together, or together die.
n hands, by one relentless stroke,
fond links of feeling Nature broke !
res twisting round a parent's heart,
om their grasp, and bleeding as they part.
, murderers, hold ! nor aggravate distress ;
t the passions you yourselves possess ;
ou, of ruffian heart, and ruthless hand,
our own offspring, love your native land :
ou, with fond, impatient feelings burn,
free as air, though certain of return.

affectionate. The master resolved to punish him, and him for that purpose. In trying to escape, Qua-shi and fell; the master fell upon him; they wrestled long butful victory; at length Qua-shi got uppermost, and, my seated on his master's breast, he secured his legs hand, and with the other drew a sharp knife: then aster, I have been bred up with you from a child; I od you as myself: in return, you have condemned me shment of which I must ever have borne the marks— can I avoid them? so saying, he drew the knife with strength across his own throat, and fell down dead, with an, on his master's body.—Ramsay's *Essay on the Slave-trade of African Slaves*.

If warm your heart, to British feelings to
As dear his land to him as yours to you;
And Liberty, in you a hallow'd flame,
Burns, unextinguished, in his breast the .
Then leave him holy Freedom's cheering
The heaven-taught fondness for the paren
Revere affections mingled with our frame
In every nature, every clime the same;
In all, these feelings equal sway maintair
In all, the love of Home and Freedom rei,
And Tempe's vale, and parch'd Angola's ;
One equal fondness of their sons command
Th' unconquer'd savage laughs at pain an
Basking in Freedom's beams which gild h
soil.

Does thirst of empire, does desire of fan
(For these are specious crimes), our rage i
No : sordid lust of gold their fate controls,
The basest appetite of basest souls;
Gold, better gain'd by what their ripening
Their fertile fields, their arts,* and mines .

What wrongs, what injuries does Oppres
To smooth the crime and sanctify the deed
What strange offence, what aggravated sin
They stand convicted—of a darker skin!

The outraged Goddess, with abhorrent eyes,
Sees man the traffic, souls the merchandise !
Man, whom fair Commerce taught with judging eye,
And liberal hand, to barter or to buy,
Indignant Nature blushes to behold,
Degraded man himself, truck'd, barter'd, sold :
Of every native privilege bereft,
Yet cursed with every wounded feeling left.
Hard lot ! each brutal suffering to sustain,
Yet keep the sense acute of human pain.
Plead not, in reason's palpable abuse,
Their sense of feeling* callous and obtuse :
From heads to hearts lies Nature's plain appeal,
Though few can reason, all mankind can feel.
Though wit may boast a livelier dread of shame,
A loftier sense of wrong refinement claim ;
Though polish'd manners may fresh wants invent,
And nice distinctions nicer souls torment ;
Though these on finer spirits heavier fall,
Yet natural evils are the same to all.
Though wounds there are which reason's force may
heal,
There needs no logic sure to make us feel.
The nerve, howe'er untutor'd, can sustain
A sharp, unutterable sense of pain ;
As exquisitely fashion'd in a slave,
As where unequal fate a sceptre gave.
Sense is as keen where Gambia's waters glide,
As where proud Tiber rolls his classic tide ;
Though verse or rhetoric point the feeling line,
They do not whet sensation, but define.
Did ever wretch less feel the galling chain,
When Zeno proved there was no ill in pain ?
In vain the sage to smooth its horror tries ;
Spartans and Helots see with different eyes ;
Their miseries philosophic quirks deride,
Slaves groan in pangs disown'd by Stoic pride.
When the fierce sun darts vertical his beams,
And thirst and hunger mix their wild extremes ;

* Nothing is more frequent than this cruel and stupid
ment, that they do not feel the miseries inflicted on us
Europeans would do.

**or that have Heroes shorten'd nature's*
For this have Martyrs gladly met their fate,
But him, forlorn, no Hero's pride sustains,
No Martyr's blissful visions soothe his pain;
Sullen, he minglest with his kindred dust,
For he has learn'd to dread the Christian's curse,
To him what mercy can that God display,
Whose servants murder, and whose sons叛逆?
Savage! thy venial error I deplore,
They are not Christians who infest thy shore.

O thou sad spirit, whose preposterous酵
The great deliverer Death, at length, has b
Released from misery, and escaped from care,
Go, meet that mercy man deny'd thee here.
In thy dark home, sure refuge of th' oppressed,
The wicked vex not, and the weary rest.
And, if some notions, vague and undefined,
Of future terrors have assail'd thy mind;
If such thy masters have presumed to teach
As terrors only they are prone to preach;
(For should they paint eternal Mercy's reign,
Where were th' oppressor's rod, the captive's chain?
If, then, thy troubled soul has learn'd to dread
The dark unknown thy trembling footsteps tread,
On HIM, who made thee what thou art, depend;
He, who withholds the means,

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Where ignorance will be found the safest plea,
How many learn'd and wise shall envy thee!

And thou, White Savage! whether lust of gold
Or lust of conquest ruled thee uncontroll'd!
Hero, or robber!—by whatever name
Thou plead thy impious claim to wealth or fame;
Whether inferior mischiefs be thy boast,
A tyrant trader rifling Congo's coast;
Or bolder carnage track thy crimson way,
Kings dispossess'd, and provinces thy prey;
Whether thou pant to tame earth's distant bound;
All Cortez murder'd, all Columbus found;
O'er plunder'd realms to reign, detested lord,
Make millions wretched and thyself abhor'd—
Whether Cartouche in forests break the law,
Or bolder Cæsar keep the world in awe;
In Reason's eye, in Wisdom's fair account,
Your sum of glory boasts a like amount;
The means may differ, but the end's the same;
Conquest is pillage with a nobler name.
Who makes the sum of human blessings less,
Or sinks the stock of general happiness,
Though erring fame may grace, though false
renown

His life may blazon or his memory crown;
Yet the last audit shall reverse the cause;
And God shall vindicate his broken laws.

Had those advent'rous spirits who explore,
Through ocean's trackless wastes, the far-sought
shore;

Whether of wealth insatiate, or of power,
Conquerors who waste, or ruffians who devour;
Had these possess'd, O Cook! thy gentle mind,
Thy love of arts, thy love of human kind;
Had these pursued thy mild and liberal plan,
Discoverers had not been a curse to man!
Then, bless'd Philanthropy! thy social hands,
Had link'd dissever'd worlds in brothers' bands
Careless, if colour, or if clime divide;
Then, loved and loving, man had lived, and die
Then with pernicious skill we had not known
To bring their vices back and leave our own.

*...doctrines rule the
My followers only have effaced the sha
Inscribed by Slavery on the Christian*

*Shall Britain, where the soul of Free
Forge chains for others she herself disd
Forbid it, Heaven : O let the nations kn
The liberty she loves she will bestow :*

*Not to herself the glorious gift confin'd,
She spreads the blessing wide as human
And, scorning narrow views of time and
Bids all be free in earth's extended space*

*What page of human annals can record
A deed so bright as human rights restore
O may that godlike deed, that shining pa
Redeem our fame, and consecrate our age
And let this glory mark our favour'd shor
To curb false Freedom and the true restor*

*And see, the cherub Mercy from above,
Descending softly, quits the sphere of love
On Britain's Isle she sheds her heavenly d
And breathes her spirit o'er the enlighten'd
From soul to soul the spreading influence s
Till every breast the soft contagion feels.
She speeds, exulting, to the burning shore,
With the best message Angel ever bore ;
Hark ! 'tis the note which spoke a Saviour,*

Glory to God on Earth

her healing smiles the ruin'd scenes repair,
nd blasted Nature wears a joyous air;
While she proclaims through all their spicy groves,
Henceforth your fruits, your labours, and your loves,
ll that your sires possess'd, or you have sown,
Sacred from plunder—all is now your own.'

And now her high commission from above,
Stamp'd with the holy characters of love,
The meek-ey'd spirit waving in her hand,
Breathes manumission o'er the rescued land;
She tears the banner stain'd with blood and tears,
And, Liberty! thy shining standard rears!
Is the bright ensign's glory she displays,
See pale Oppression faints beneath the blaze!
he giant dies! no more his frown appals,
he chain, untouch'd, drops off; the fetter falls.
stonish'd Echo tells the vocal shore,
ppression's fall'n, and Slavery is no more!
he dusky myriads crowd the sultry plain,
nd hail that Mercy long invok'd in vain.
Victorious Pow'r! she burst their twofold bands,
nd Faith and Freedom spring from Britain's hands.
And THOU! great source of Nature and of Grace,
Who of one blood didst form the human race;
ook down in mercy, in thy chosen time,
With equal eye on Afric's suff'ring clime:
Disperse her shades of intellectual night,
Repeat thy high behest—"Let there be light."
Bring each benighted soul, great God, to Thee,
nd with thy wide Salvation make them free!

A LEGENDARY TALE:
IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

O nostra Vita, ch'e si bella in vista!
Com' perde agevolmente in un momento,
Quel, ch'en molt' anni a grand pena s'acqu

THERE was a young and valiant Knig
Sir Eldred was his name;
And never did a worthier wight
The rank of knighthood claim.

Where gliding Tay, her stream sends
To feed the neighbouring wood,
The ancient glory of the North,
Sir Eldred's castle stood.

The Knight was rich as Knight might
In patrimonial wealth;
And rich in nature's gifts.

When merit rais'd the sufferer's name,
He shower'd his bounty then;
And those who could not prove that claim,
He succour'd still as men.

But sacred truth the Muse compels
His errors to impart;
And yet the muse reluctant tells
The fault of Eldred's heart.

Tho' mild and soft as infant love
His fond affections melt;
Tho' all that kindest spirits prove
Sir Eldred keenly felt:

*He view'd the waste his rage had
And shudder'd at the view.*

The meek-ey'd dawn, in saffron rob
Proclaim'd the opening day,
Up rose the sun to gild the globe,
And hail the new-born May;

The birds their vernal notes repeat,
And glad the thickening grove,
And feather'd partners foddly greet
With many a song of love:

When pious Eldred early rose
The Lord of all to hail:
Who life with all its gifts bestows,
Whose mercies never fail !

That done—he left his woodland glad
And journey'd far away;
He lov'd to court the distant shade
And thro' the lone vale stray.

Within the bosom of a wood,
By circling hills embrac'd,
A little mode~~st~~ *.....*

This mansion own'd an aged Knight,
And such a man was he,
As heaven just shews to human sight,
To tell what man should be.

His youth in many a well-fought field
Was train'd betimes to war;
His bosom, like a well-worn shield,
Was grac'd with many a scar.

The vigour of a green old age
His reverend form did bear;
And yet, alas ! the warrior-sage

Had dimm'd the lumen of his eye,

He thought an image of decay
Might lecture human pride :

While fair perennial greens that stand,
And brav'd the wintry blast,
As types of the fair mind he view'd
Which shall for ever last.

He taught her that the gaudiest flowers
Were seldom fragrant found,
But, wasted soon their little powers,
Dropt useless on the ground :

While the sweet-scented rose shall last,
And still retain its power
When life's imperfect day is past,
And beauty's shorter hour.

And here the virgin lov'd to lead
Her inoffensive day,
And here she oft retir'd to read,
And oft retir'd to pray.

Embower'd, she grac'd the woodland scene,
From courts and cities far

She starts to hear a stranger's voice,
And with a modest grace,
She lifts her meek eye in surprise,
And sees a stranger's face :

The stranger lost in transport stood,
Bereft of voice and power,
While she with equal wonder view'd
Sir Eldred of the Bower.

The virgin blush which spreads her cheek
With nature's purest dye,
And all those dazzling beams which break
Like morning from her eye.

He view'd them all, and as he view'd,
Drank deeply of delight;
And still his raptur'd eye pursued,
And feasted on the sight.

With silent wonder long they gaz'd,
And neither silence broke;
At length the smother'd passion blaz'd,
Enamour'd Eldred spoke :

* O sacred Virtue, heav'nly power ;
Thy wondrous force I feel ;

Good Ardolph's eye his Birtha meets
 With glances of delight;
 And thus with courteous speech he greets
 The young and graceful Knight:

' O gallant youth, whoe'er thou art,
 Right welcome to this place!
 There's something rises at my heart
 Which says I've seen that face.'

' Thou generous Knight,' the youth rejoin'd,
 ' Though little known to fame,
 I trust I bear a grateful mind—
 Sir Eldred is my name.'

' Sir Eldred?'—Ardolph loud exclaim'd,
 ' Renown'd for worth and power?
 For valour and for virtue famed,
 Sir Eldred of the Bower?'

' Now make me grateful, righteous Heaven,
 As thou art good to me,
 Since to my aged eyes 'tis given
 Sir Eldred's son to see!'

Then Ardolph caught him by the hand,
 And gaz'd upon his face,
 And to his aged bosom strain'd
 With many a kind embrace.

Again he view'd him o'er and o'er,
 And doubted still the truth,
 And ask'd what he had ask'd before,
 Then thus address'd the youth:

' Come now beneath my roof, I pray,
 Some needful rest to take,
 And with us many a cheerful day
 Thy friendly sojourn make.'

He enter'd at the gate straightways
 Some needful rest to take,
 And with them many a cheerful day
 Did friendly sojourn make.

OF THE BOWER.

PART II.

ONCE—in a social summer's walk,
The gaudy day was fled;
They cheated time with cheerful talk,
When thus Sir Ardolph said :

'Thy father was the firmest friend
That e'er my being blest;
And every virtue Heaven could send,
Fast bound him to my breast.

'Together did we learn to bear
The casque and ample shield;
Together learn'd in many a war
The deathful spear to wield.

'To make our union still more dear
We both were doom'd to prove,
What is most sweet and most severe
In heart-dissolving love.

'The daughter of a neighbouring Knight
Did *my* fond heart engage;
And ne'er did Heaven the virtues write
Upon a fairer page.

'*His* bosom felt an equal wound,
Nor sigh'd we long in vain;
One summer's sun beheld us bound
In Hymen's holy chain.

'Thou wast Sir Eldred's only child,
Thy father's darling joy;
On me a lovely daughter smiled,
On me a blooming boy.

'But man has woes, has clouds of care,
That dim his star of life—
My arms received the little pair,
The earth's cold breast my wife.

They prais'd her wit, her worth, her shape, her air
And even inferior beauties own'd her fair.

Such sweet perfection all his wonder mov'd;
He saw, admired, nay, fancied that he loved:
But Polydore no gen'rous passion knew,
Lost to all truth in feigning to be true.
No lasting tenderness could warm a heart,
Too vain to feel, too selfish to impart.

Cold as the snows of Rhodope descend,
And with the chilling waves of Hebrus blend,
So cold the breast where vanity presides,
And the whole subject soul absorbs and guides.

Too well he knew to make his conquest sure,
Win her soft heart, yet keep his own secure.
So oft he told the well-imagin'd tale,
So oft he swore—how should he *not* prevail?
The well-imagin'd tale the nymph believ'd;
Too unsuspecting not to be deceiv'd:
She loved the youth, she thought herself beloved
Nor blush'd to praise whom every maid approved
The conquest once achiev'd, the brightest fair,
When conquer'd, was no longer worth his care:
When to the world her passion he could prove,
Vain of his pow'r, he jested at her love.
The perfidious youth, from sad Ianthe far,
To win fresh triumphs, wages cruel war.
With other nymphs behold the wand'rer rove,
And tell the story of Ianthe's love;
He mocks her easy faith, insults her woo,
Nor pities tears himself had taught to flow.
To sad Ianthe soon the tale was borne,
How Polydore to treach'ry added scorn.

And now her eyes' soft radiance 'gan to fail,
And now the crimson of her cheek grew pale;
The lily there, in faded beauty shews,
Its sickly empire o'er the vanquish'd rose.
Devouring Sorrow marks her for his prey,
And slow and certain, mines his silent way.
Yet, as apace her ebbing life declined,
Increasing strength sustain'd her firmer mind.
‘ O had my heart been hard as his, she cried,
‘ An hapless victim thus I had not died.’

Eleven winters had revolved,
Trown the circling year,
My valiant boy resolved
Warrior's lance to bear.

High I prized my native land,
Dear his fame I held,
One a parent's stern command,
To keep him from the field.

Left me—left his sister too,
Tears bedew'd his face—
Could a feeble old man do ?
Burst from my embrace.

First of glory, fatal flame !
Wreaths dearly bought !
Meet is death when earn'd with fame—
Virtuous Edwy thought.

Manfully the brave boy strove,
Through pressing ranks oppose ;
But the strongest arm must prove
Unavailing 'gainst an host of foes.

Wounds my son receives,
War assails his side :
He does not kill—for Ardolph lives
Till that Edwy died.

Long-loved mother died again
At Edwy's parting groan ;
For her, yet wept in vain—
She perished for both in one.

I had have died—I sought to die,
Heaven restrain'd the thought,
My passion-clouded eye
Helpless Birtha brought.

Io ! array'd in robes of light,
The nymph celestial came,
Through the mists that dimm'd my sight—
Her name was Birtha.

She proved the chastisement divine,
And bade me kiss the rod :
She taught this rebel heart of mine
Submission to its God.

* Religion taught me to sustain
What Nature made me feel ;
And Piety relieved the pain
Which Time can never heal.'

He ceased—with sorrow and delight
The tale Sir Eldred hears ;
Then weeping cries—' Thou noble Knight,
For thanks accept my tears.

* O Arolph, might I dare aspire
To claim so bright a boon !—
Good old Sir Eldred was my sire—
And thou hast lost a son.

* And though I want a worthier plea
To urge so dear a cause :
Yet let me to thy bosom be
What once thy Edwy was.

* My trembling tongue its aid denies;
For thou may'st disapprove ;
Then read it in my ardent eyes,
Oh ! read the tale of love.

* Thy beauteous Birtha !"—' Gracious Pow'
How could I e'er repine,'
Cries Arolph, ' since I see this hour ?
Yes—Birtha shall be thine.'

A little transient gleam of red
Shot faintly o'er her face,
And every trembling feature spread
With sweet disorder'd grace.

The tender father kindly smil'd
With fulness of content ;
And fondly eyed his darling child,
Who, bashful, blush'd consent.

But every kind and gracious soul,
Where gentle passions dwell,
Will better far conceive the whole,
Than any Muse can tell.

The more the Knight his Birtha knew
The more he prized the maid ;
Some worth each day produc'd to view,
Some grace each hour betray'd.

The virgin too was fond to charm
The dear accomplish'd youth ;
His single breast she strove to warm,
And crown'd, with love, his truth.

Unlike the dames of modern days,
Who *general* homage claim ;
Who court the *universal* gaze,
And pant for *public* fame.

Then beauty but on merit smil'd
Nor were her chaste smiles sold :
No venal father gave his child
For grandeur, or for gold.

The ardour of young Eldred's flame

' And though the world may boast,
And painted prospects shew ;
Yet man, still cheated, still believes,
Till death the bright scene close.

' So look'd *my* bride, so sweetly mild,
On me her beauty's slave ;
But whilst she look'd, and while she sigh'd,
She sunk into the grave.

Yet, O forgive an old man's care,
Forgive a father's zeal :
Who fondly loves, must greatly fear ;
Who fears, must greatly feel.

' Once more in soft and sacred bands
Shall Love and Hymen meet ;
To-morrow shall unite your hands,
And—be your bliss complete !'

The rising sun inflamed the sky,
The golden orient blush'd ;
But Birtha's cheeks a sweeter die,
A brighter crimson flush'd.

The Priest, in milk-white vestments
Perform'd the mystic rite ;

To recollect her scatter'd thought,
And shun the noon-tide hour,
The lovely bride in secret sought
The coolness of her bower.

Long she remain'd—th' enamour'd Knight,
Impatient at her stay ;
And all unfit to taste delight
When Birtha was away;

Betakes him to the secret bower ;
His footsteps softly move ;
Impell'd by every tender power,
He steals upon his love.

O, horror ! horror ! blasting sight !
He sees his Birtha's charms,
Reclined with melting fond delight,
Within a stranger's arms.

Wild frenzy fires his frantic hand ;
Distracted at the sight,
He flies to where the lovers stand,
And stabs the stranger Knight.

' Die, traitor, die ! thy guilty flames
Demand th' avenging steel !'—

His slaughter'd son he view'd;
And dying Birtha, close he found,
In brother's blood imbrued.

Cold, speechless, senseless, Eldred ne'er
Gazed on the deed he had done;
Like the blank statue of *Despair*,
Or *Madness* graved in stone.

The father saw—so Jephthah stood,
So turn'd his woe-fraught eye,
When the dear destined child he view'd,
His zeal had doom'd to die.

He look'd the woe he could not speak
And on the pale corse prest
His wan, discolour'd, dying cheek,
And silent, sunk to rest.

Then Birtha faintly rais'd her eye,
Which long had ceased to stream,
On Eldred fix'd, with many a sigh,
Its dim departing beam.

The cold, cold dews of hastening deat
Upon her pale face stand.

Yet Heaven's decrees are just and wise,
And man is born to bear:
Joy is the portion of the skies,
Beneath them all is care.

Yet blame not Heaven; 'tis erring man,
Who mars his own best joys;
Whose passions uncontroll'd, the plan
Of promised bliss destroys.

Had Eldred *paused*, before the blow,
His hand had never err'd;
What guilt, what complicated woe,
His soul had then been spared!

The deadliest wounds with which we bleed,
Our crimes inflict alone;
Man's *mercies* from God's hand proceed,
His *miseries* from his own.

* In the celebrated picture of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, Timanthes, having exhausted every image of grief in the bystanders, threw a veil over the face of the father, whose sorrow he was utterly unable to express.—*Plin. Book XXXV.*

AN
HEROIC EPISTLE

To Miss Sally Horne (aged three years), youngest daughter of Dr. Horne, late Bishop of Norwich.—Written on the blank leaves of 'Mother Bunch's Tales ;' and shewing the superiority of these Histories to most others.

To thee, fair creature, Sally Horne,
And sure a fairer ne'er was born,
A grave Biographer I send,
By Newberry in the churchyard penn'd
(Or if to truth my phrase I stinted,
By Newberry in the churchyard printed);
Hight Mother Bunch—a worthier sage
Ne'er fill'd, I ween, th' historic page;
For she of kings and queens can prate,
As fast as patriotic Kate;*
Nor vents like her, her idle spleen,
Merely because 'tis king or queen.
Kate, who each subject makes a slave,
Would make each potentate a knave;
Though Britons can the converse prove,
A King who reigns and rules by love.
While Mother Bunch's honest story,
Unawed by Whig, unwarped by Tory,
Paints sovereigns with impartial pen,
Some good, some bad, like other men.

Oh, there are few such books as these,
Which only mean to teach or please;
Read Mother Bunch, then, charming Sally,
Her writings with your taste will tally.
No pride of learning she displays,
Nor reads one word a hundred ways;
To please the young she lays before them
A simple tale, *sans variorum*:
With notes and margins unperplexed,
And comments which confuse the text.

* See Mrs. Macaulay's History of England.

How leave the swiftest at the race behind,
How mount the courser, and outstrip the wind ?
With melting sweetness, or with magic fire,
Breathe the soft lute, or sweep the well-strung lyre,
From that famed lyre no vulgar music sprung,
The graces tun'd it, and Apollo strung.

Apollo too was once a shepherd swain,
And fed the flock, and grac'd the rustic plain,
He taught what charms to rural life belong,
The social sweetness, and the sylvan song ;
He taught fair Wisdom in her grove to woo,
Her joys how precious, and her wants how few
The savage herds in mute attention stood,
And ravish'd Echo fill'd the vocal wood ;
The sacred Sisters, stooping from their sphere,
Forgot their golden harps, intent to hear :
Till Heaven the scene survey'd with jealous eyes
And Jove, in envy, call'd him to the skies.

Young Polydore was rich in large domains,
In smiling pastures, and in flow'ry plains ;
With these he boasted each exterior charm,
To win the prudent, and the cold to warm ;
The fairest semblance of desert he bore.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE.

And all their labours but declare
 The miseries of the good and fair :
 How one brave captive in a quarrel
 Was tumbled down hill in a barrel !
 In fiery flames how some did fry,
 Only because they dared not lie !
 How female victims meet their doom,
 At Aulis once, and more at Rome !
 How ease the Hero's laurels stain'd,
 How Capua lost what Cannæ gain'd !
 How he, whom long success attends,
 Is kill'd at home among his friends !
 How Athens him who served so well,
 Rewarded with an oyster shell !
 How Nero stabb'd a mother's breast !
 Ah ! barbarous Clio spare the rest ;
 Conceal these horrors, if thou'rt able,
 If these be truth, Oh give me fable !
 Till real deeds are fit to mention,
 Regale my feelings with invention.
 But Mother Bunch's morals tell
 How bless'd all were who acted well ;
 How the good little girl's regarded,
 And boy who learns his book rewarded !
 How loss of favour follows rudeness,
 While sugar-plumbs repay all goodness !
 How she who learns to read and write,
 Will get a coach or chariot by 't ;
 And not a faggot-maker's daughter
 But has it at her christening taught her
 By some invited fairy guest,
 That she shall wed a prince at least ;
 And through the whole this truth's pun
 That to be happy 's to be good.
 If these to life be contradictions,
 Mark the morality of fictions ;
 Axioms more popular they teach,
 That to be good is to be rich !
 For all the Misses marry kings,
 And diamonds are but common thin
 While dames in history hardly get
 Our Heroines ope their mouths and

Since the cruel woes I'm doom'd to feel,
Proceed, alas! from having lov'd too well :
Grant me some form where love can have no part,
No human weakness reach my guarded heart;
Where no soft touch of passion can be felt,
No fond affection this weak bosom melt.
If pity has not left your blest abodes,
Change me to flinty adamant, ye gods,
To hardest rock, or monumental stone,
So may I know no more the pangs I've known ;
So shall I thus no farther torment prove,
Nor taunting rivals say she died for love:
For sure, if ought can aggravate our woe,
'Tis the feign'd pity of a prosp'rous foe.' [dr]
Thus pray'd the nymph—and straight the Pow'rs
Accord the weeping suppliant's sad request.

Then, strange to tell ! if rural folks say true,
To harden'd Rock the stiff'ning damsel grew,
No more her shapeless features can be known,
Stone is her body, and her limbs are stone ;
The growing Rock invades her beauteous face,
And quickly petrifies each living grace ;
The stone, her stature nor her shape retains,
The nymph is vanish'd, but the rock remains.
No vestige now of human shape appears,
No cheek for blushes, and no eyes for tears :

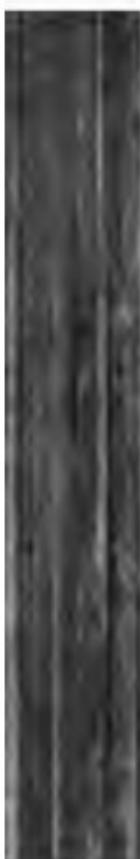
How armies need not stop to bait,
And heroes never dripk or eat;
Wrapp'd in sublimer occupation,
They scorn such vulgar renovation.
Your British generals cannot keep
Themselves or followers half so cheap,
For men and horses, out of books,
Call, one for corn, and one for cooks;
And dull historic nags must stay
For provender of oats and hay:
While *these* bold heroes wing their flight
Through twenty kingdoms in a night;
Of silvery dew they snatch a cup,
Or on a slice of moon-shine sup;
And while they fly to meet their queen,
With half the convex world between,
Their milk-white palfreys, scorning grass,
Just crop a rose leaf as they pass.

Then Mother Bunch's morals strike,
By praising friend and foe alike.
What virtue to the world is lost,
Because on thy ill-fated coast,
O Carthage! sung alone by foes,
The sun of history never rose!
Fertile in heroes, didst thou own
The muse that makes those heroes known;
Then had the bright reverse appear'd,
And Carthaginian truth been cleared:
On Punic faith, so long reviled,
The wily African had smiled;
And, possibly, not much had err'd
If we of Roman fraud had heard.

Then leave your Robertsons and Bryants
For Jack the Murderer of Giants;
Since all mythology profane
Is quite as doubtful, quite as vain.
Though Bryant, learned friend of youth,
His fable consecrates to truth:
And Robertson with just applause
His finish'd portraits fairly draws.
Yet history, great Raleigh knew,
And knowing, grieved, may not be true;

uncertain rest ;
Grief short snatches of repose can take,
nothing but Despair is quite awake ;
at the hour, so still, so full of fear,
all things horrible to thought appear
perjured Polydore observ'd to rove
hastily spectre thro' the gloomy grove ;
to the Rock, the Bleeding Rock repair,
ere, sadly sighing, it dissolves to air.
Still when the hours of solemn rites return,
village train in sad procession mourn ;
ck ev'ry weed which might the spot disgrace,
plant the fairest field-flowers in their place.
and no noxious plant or flow'ret grows,
the first daffodil, and earliest rose :
snow-drop spreads its whitest bosom here,
golden cowslips grace the vernal year :
the pale primrose takes a fairer hue,
ev'ry violet boasts a brighter blue.
builds the wood-lark, here the faithful dove
ents his lost, or woos his living love.
ure from harm is ev'ry hallowe'en

EPITAPHS.



ie deed sublime.

pamper'd with applause,
ary pause,
is Laurels down !
each strong claim,
Wealth and Fame,
of both I've known.'

rt retreat to steal,
to feel,
its cares to fly ;
domestic scene,
I the grave between,
I learn to die !

Miss Sally Horne (aged
Dr. Horne, late Bishop
leaves of 'Mother Bun
riority of these Histories

To thee, fair creatu
And sure a fairer ne
A grave Biographer
By Newberry in the
(Or if to truth my pi
By Newberry in the
Hight Mother Bunch-
Ne'er fill'd, I ween, th
For she of kings and q
As fast as patriotic Kat
Nor vents like her, her
Merely because 'tis king
Kate, who each subject
Would make each potent
Though Britons can the c
A King who reigns and r
While Mother Bunch's ha
Unawed by Whig, unwarped
Paints sovereigns with imp
Some good, some ha ...
Oh ..

young authors who precede her;
like our modern wits of note,
to, purposely, and oft misquote;
to injure History, or intend it,
much as Kennicott to mend it;
d seek no less the truth to mangle
in he to clear and disentangle.
these short digressions we apply
r Author's fame to magnify;
: seeks not to bewilder youth,
: all is true she gives for truth:
l, till to analyze you're able,
le is safe while given as fable:
mere invention you receive it,
i know 'tis false, and disbelieve it;
ile that bad chemistry which brings
l mixes up incongruous things,
h genuine fact invention blending,
f true history wanted mending;
lavouring, to mislead our youth,
e fable with a dash of truth;
ll these heterogeneous tales
injudicious project fails;
ruth you do not get your measure,
of pure *fiction* lose the pleasure.

Only because they dared not I
How female victims meet their
At Aulis once, and more at Ra
How ease the Hero's laurels st
How Capus lost what Cannæ
How he, whom long success att
Is kill'd at home among his fri
How Athens him who served so
Rewarded with an oyster shell
How Nero stabb'd a mother's br
Ah! barbarous Clio spare the re
Conceal these horrors, if thou'rt
If these be truth, Oh give me fal
Till real deeds are fit to mention
Regale my feelings with inventio

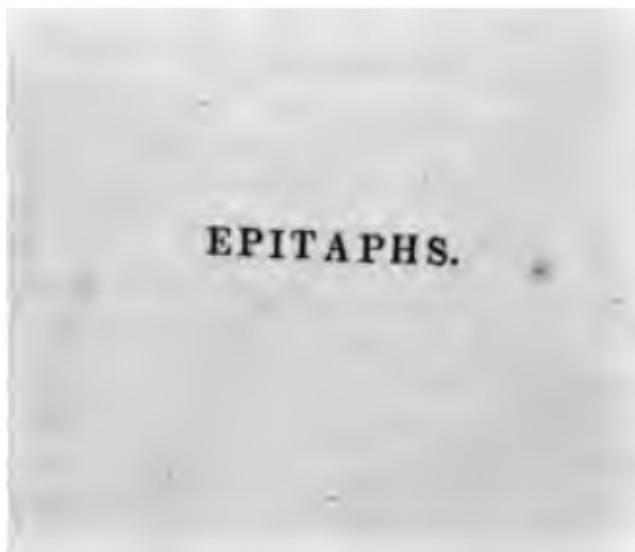
But Mother Bunch's morals te
How bless'd all were who acted v
How the good little girl's regard
And boy who learns his book rew
How loss of favour follows ruden
While sugar-plumbs repay all goo
How she who learns to read and
Will get a coach or chariot by 't;
And not a faggot-maker's daughte
But has it at her christening taug
By some invited fair... .

— " mankind,
till the heart from vice is clear,
o wants to know what passes there ?
Hercules to cleanse was able,
doubt they *shut* th' Augean stable.
ere too in high emphatic tone
power of female worth is shewn ;
enterprising Joan of Arc
short of true heroic mark ;
Astria was a mere home-keeper,
swift Camilla but a creeper.
deeds of valour are as common
ng or dance to real woman ;
neekest damsels find it facile
rm a Giant's moated castle ;
draw-bridges do open fly
gin foot approaches nigh ;
razen gates with twenty locks,
ch an army vainly knocks,
e, nor on their hinges linger,
th of Virgin's little finger.
slow attacks, and tiresome sieges,
history makes the work of ages,
e, by means of fairy power,
d with ease : . . .



— — — — — we heard,
But if the fact's recorded right,
e motive seldom comes in sight;
ince, while the fairest deeds we blame,
e often crown the worst with fame.
n read, if genuine truth you'd glean,
se who were actors in the scene;
ir, with delight, the modest Greek,
his renown'd ten thousand speak.
commentaries* read again
o led the troops and held the pen;
way to conquest best he shew'd
trod, ere he prescribed the road.
l him, for lofty periods famed,
Charles's age adorn'd and sham'd;
Clarendon, unawed, unbribed,
ruled th' events his pen described;
law and courts, and senates knew,
aw the sources whence he drew.
, lovely Sally, be not frighten'd,
read to have thy mind enlighten'd,
e with me the fair alliance
mirth, at Maudlin, makes with science,
umour may with learning dwell.
Papa—





EPITAPHS.



THE
IMPOSSIBILITY CONQUERED;
 OR,
LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR AS YOURSELF.

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THE OBJECTOR.

Each man who lives, the Scriptures prove,
 Must as himself his neighbour love;
 But though the precept's full of beauty,
 'Tis an impracticable duty:

I'll prove how hard it is to find
 A lover of this wondrous kind.

Who loves himself to great excess,
 You'll grant *must* love his neighbour less;
 When self engrosses all the heart,
 How can another have a part;
 Then if self-love most men enthrall,
 A neighbour's share is none at all.

Say, can the man who hoards up pelf
 E'er love his neighbour as himself?
 For if he did, would he not labour
 To hoard a little for his neighbour?
 Then tell me, friend, can hoarding elves
 E'er love their neighbour as themselves?

The man whose heart is bent on *pleasure*
 Small love will to his neighbour measure:
 Who solely studies his own good,
 Can't love another if he would.

Then how can pleasure-hunting elves
 E'er love their neighbour as themselves?

ON MRS. LITTLE,

IN REDCLIFFE CHURCH, BRISTOL.

O COULD this verse her fair example spread,
 And teach the living while it prais'd the dead !
 Then, reader, should it speak her hope divine,
 Not to record her faith, but strengthen thine ;
 Then should her ev'ry virtue stand confest,
 Till ev'ry virtue kindled in thy breast.
 But if thou slight the monitory strain,
 And she has liv'd, to thee at least, in vain ;
 Yet let her death an awful lesson give,
 The dying Christian speaks to all that live.
 Enough for her that here her ashes rest,
 Till God's own plaudit shall her worth attest.

ON GENERAL LAWRENCE,

Memorable for his conquests in India, and for his clemency so soon vanquished. On a monument erected by Sir Robert Park.

BORN to command, to conquer, and to spare,
 As mercy mild, yet terrible as war,
 Here Lawrence rests in death ; while living fame
 From Thames to Ganges wafts his honour'd name.
 To him this frail memorial Friendship rears,
 Whose noblest monument's a nation's tears :
 Whose deeds on fairer columns stand engrav'd,
 In provinces preserv'd, and cities saved.

ON THE REVEREND MR. HUNTER,

Who received a Degree from the University of Oxford, for his Work against Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy.

Go happy spirit, seek that blissful land
 Where zealous Michael leads the glorious band
Of those who fought for truth ; blest spirit, go,
And perfect all the good begun below ;

xxvii

rears of filial love:
whose father, living, was his pride,
who mourns that such a father died.

ON C. DICEY, ESQ.

CLAYBROOK CHURCH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

, or friend or stranger, who shalt tread
dern mansions of the silent dead!
hen this record to inquiring eyes,
shall tell the spot where Dicey lies;
is frail marble, faithless to its trust,
ng itself, resigns its moulder'd dust;
e shall fail, and nature's self decay;
, and sun, and skies dissolve away;
this consummation shall survive,
wreck, and but begin to live!
I, long alighted, let these ashes teach,
instruct you, and tho' silent, preach:
'fect, repent, resolve, amend—
length, Eternity no end!

INSCRIPTION

ON A CENOTAPH IN A GARDEN,

Erected to a deceased Friend.

YE lib'ral souls who rev'rence Friendship's name,
 Who boast her blessings, and who feel her flame;
 Oh! if from early youth one friend you've lov'd,
 Whom warm affection chose, and taste approv'd;
 If you have known what anguish rends the heart,
 When such, so known, so lov'd, for ever part;
 Approach!—For you the mourner rears this stone,
 ■ To soothe your sorrows and record his own.

ON THE REVEREND MR. LOVE,

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT BRISTOL.

WHEN worthless grandeur fills th' embellish'd urn,
 No poignant grief attends the sable bier;
 But when distinguish'd excellence we mourn,
 Deep is the sorrow, genuine is the tear.

Stranger! shouldst thou approach this awful shrine,
 The merits of the honour'd dead to seek;
 The friend, the son, the Christian, the divine,
 Let those who knew him, those who lov'd him,
 speak.

O let them in some pause of anguish say,
 What zeal inflam'd, what faith enlarg'd his breast
 How glad th' unfetter'd spirit wing'd its way
 From earth to heav'n, from blessing to be blest!

— — — — —
Bristol.

He rests awhile, in happier climes to shine,
Orator, Physician, and Divine;
'as his, like Luke, the double task to fill,
heal the nat'r al, and the moral ill.
, whose awaken'd hearts his labours blest,
re ev'ry truth by ev'ry grace was drest;
let your lives evince that still you feel
ffective influence of his fervent zéal.
spirit rescued from eternal woe
re nobler fame than marble can bestow;
lasting monument will mock decay,
tand, triumphant, at the final day.

ON SARAH STONHOUSE,

cond wife of the Rev. Sir James Stonhouse, Bart.
Resignation! wipe the human tear,
ic anguish drops o'er virtue's bier,
ish sorrow hush +





THE

FOOLISH TRAVELLER;

OR, A GOOD INN IS A BAD HO

THERE was a Prince of high degree
As great and good as Prince could be
Much power and wealth were in his hand,
With Lands and Lordships at command.

One son, a favourite son, he had,
An idle, thoughtless kind of lad,
Whom, spite of all his follies past,
He meant to make his heir at last.

The son escaped to foreign lands,
And broke his gracious Sire's command,
Far, as he fancied, from his sight,
In each low joy he took delight.

The youth, detesting peace and quiet,
Indulged in vice, expense, and riot,

**He knew his father's power how great,
How glorious too the promised state !
At length resolves no more to roam,
But straight to seek his father's home.**

**His Sire had sent a friend to say,
He must be cautious on his way !
Told him what road he must pursue,
And always keep his home in view.**

**The thoughtless youth set out indeed,
But soon he slacken'd in his speed ;
For every trifle by the way
Seduced his idle heart astray.**

**By every casual impulse sway'd,
On every slight pretence he stay'd ;
To each, to all, his passions bend,
He quite forgets his journey's end.**

**For every sport, for every song,
He halted as he pass'd along :
* Caught by each idle sight he saw,
He'd loiter e'en to pick a straw.**

**Whate'er was present seized his soul,
A feast, a show, a brimming bowl ;**

BALLADS AND TALES.

52

Displeased he answers, ' Come what will,
Of present bliss I'll take my fill !
In vain you plead, in vain I hear,
Those joys are distant, these are near.'
Thus perish'd, lost to worth and truth,
In sight of home this hapless youth ;
While beggars, foreigners, and poor,
Enjoy'd the father's boundless store.

APPLICATION.

My Fable, reader, speaks to thee,
In God this bounteous father see ;
And in his thoughtless offspring trace,
The sinful, wayward human race.

The friend, the generous father sent,
To rouse, and to reclaim him, meant ;
The faithful minister you'll find,
Who calls the wandering, warns the blind.

Reader, awake ! this youth you blame—
Are not you doing just the same ?
Mindless your comforts are but given
To help you on your way to heaven.

The pleasures which beguile the road,
The flowers with which your path is strew'd,
To these your whole desires you bend,
And quite forget your journey's end.

The meanest toys your soul entice,
A feast, a song, a game at dice ;
Charm'd with your present paltry lot,
Eternity is quite forgot.

Then listen to a warning friend,
Who bids you mind your journey's end
A wandering pilgrim here you roam ;
This world's your Inn, the next your

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In the Manner of Sir Walter Raleigh.

THE OBJECTOR.

EACH man who lives, the Scriptures prove,
Must as himself his neighbour love;
But though the precept's full of beauty,
'Tis an impracticable duty:

I'll prove how hard it is to find
A lover of this wondrous kind.

Who loves himself to great excess,
You'll grant *must* love his neighbour less;
When self engrosses all the heart,
How can another have a part;
Then if self-love most men enthrall,
A neighbour's share is none at all.

Say, can the man who hoards up self
Does less his neighbour as himself.

Can he whom sloth and loitering please
 E'er love his neighbour like his *ease*?
 Or he who feels ambition's flame,
 Loves he his neighbour like his *fame*?
 Such lazy, or such soaring elves
 Can't love their neighbour as themselves.

He, whose gross appetites enslave him,
 Who spends or feasts the wealth God gave him;
 Full pamper'd, gorged at every meal,
 He *cannot* for the empty feel.

How can such *gormandizing* elves
 E'er love their neighbour as themselves?

Then since the man who lusts for *gold*,
 Since he who is to *pleasure* sold;
 Who soars in *pride*, or sinks in *ease*,
 His neighbour will not serve or please;
 Where shall we hope the man to find
 To fill this great command inclined?

I dare not blame God's holy word,
 Nor censure Scripture as absurd;
 But sure the rule's of no avail
 If placed so high that all must fail;
 And 'tis *impossible* to prove
 That *any* can his neighbour love.

THE ANSWERER.

Yes, such there are of heavenly mould,
 Unwarp'd by pleasure, ease, or gold:
 He who fulfils the nobler part
 By loving God with all his heart;
 He, only he, the Scriptures prove,
 Can, as himself, his neighbour love.

Then join, to make a perfect plan,
 The love of God to love of Man;
 Your heart in union both must bring,
 This is the stream, and that the spring;
 This done, no more in vain you'll labour,
 A Christian can't but love his neighbour.

- - - - - INSCRIBED TO I

INSCRIPTION

IN A

BEAUTIFUL RETREAT CALLED FAIRY BOW.

AIRY spirits, you who love
Cooling bower, or shady grove;
Streams that murmur as they flow,
Zephyrs bland that softly blow;

Babbling brook, or murmuring
Of the love-lorn nightingale;
Either, airy spirits, come,
This is your peculiar home.

If you love a verdant glade,
If you love a noon-tide shade,
Either, sylphs and fairies, fly,
Unobserved of earthly eye.

Come, and wander every night,
By the moon-beam's glimmering light.

Chase the insect from the flower;
Little offices like these,
Gentle souls and fairies please,

Mortals! form'd of grosser clay,
From our haunts keep far away;
Or, if you should dare appear,
See that you from vice are clear.

Folly's minion, fashion's fool,
Mad ambition's restless tool!
Slave of passion, slave of power,
Fly, ah fly! this tranquil bower!

Sou of avarice, soul of frost,
Wretch! of Heaven abhor'd the n
Learn to pity others' wants,
Or avoid these hallow'd haunts.

Eye unconscious of a tear,
When affliction's train appear;
Heart that never heaved a sigh
For another, come not nigh.

But, ye darling sons of Heaven,
Giving freely what was given;
You, whose liberal hands dispense
The blessings of benevolence:

FAITH AND WORKS.

A TALE.

GOOD Dan and Jane were man and wife,
 And lived a loving kind of life.
 One point, however, they disputed,
 And each by turns his mate confuted,
 'Twas Faith and Works, this knotty question,
 They found not easy of digestion,
 While Dan for Faith alone contended,
 Jane equally Good Works defended.
 'They are not Christians, sure, but Turks,
 Who build on Faith and scoff at Works,'
 Quoth Jane; while eager Dan replied,
 'By none but Heathens Faith's denied.
 I'll tell you, wife,' one day quoth Dan,
 'A story of a right good man:
 A Patriarch sage, of ancient days,
 A man of Faith, whom all must praise,
 In his own country he possess'd
 Whate'er can make a wise man blest,
 His was the flock, the field, the spring,
 In short, a little rural king.
 Yet pleas'd he quits his native land,
 By Faith in the Divine command.
 God bade him go; and he, content,
 Went forth, not knowing where he went;
 He trusted in the promise made,
 And, undisputing, straight obey'd.
 The heavenly word he did not doubt,
 But proved his Faith by going out.'
 Jane answer'd with some little pride:
 'I've an example on my side;
 And though my tale be somewhat longer,
 I trust you'll find it vastly stronger.
 I'll tell you, Daniel, of a man,
 The holiest since the world began.

... my miracle was given.
And from this child, the word di
Had promised an illustrious line.
When lo! at once a voice he hea
Which sounds like thunder in his
God says, " Go sacrifice thy son !
" This moment, Lord, it shall be
He goes, and instantly prepares,
To slay this child of many pray'r
Now here you see the grand expe
Of Works, of actual, sound obedi
This was not Faith, but act and d
The Lord commands the child sha
Thus Abraham acted," Jenny cried
" Thus Abraham trusted," Dan rep
" Abraham!" quoth Jane, " why th
" No, Abraham's he I mean," says
" He stands a monument of Faith.
" No, 'tis for Works, the Scripture
" 'Tis for this Faith that I defend
" 'Tis for Obedience I commend him
Thus he, thus she; both warmly fe
And lose their temper in their zeal
Too quick each other's choice to bl
They did not see each meant the sa
At length, " Good wife," said he,

**Thus Faith and Works together grow ;
No separate life they e'er can know.
They're soul and body, hand and heart ;
What God hath join'd let no man part !**





DU who love a tale of glory,
Listen to the song I sing;
heroes of the Christian story
Are the heroes I shall bring.

Warriors of the world, avaunt!
Others heroes me engage;
is not such as you I want,
Saints and martyrs grace my

Warriors who the world o'ercame
Were in brother's blood imbrued
While the saints of purer fame,
Greater far, themselves subdued

Dearful Christian! hear with woe
Of the saints of whom I tell;
some were burnt, some sawn asunder,
Some by fire or torture fell;

Some to savage beasts were hurled
One escaped the lion's den;

Let us crown with deathless fame
Those who scorn'd and hated fell;
Martyrs met contempt and shame,
Fearing nought but sin and hell.

How the shower of stones descended,
Holy Stephen, on thy head !
While his tongue the truth defended,
How the glorious martyr bled !

See his fierce reviler Saul,
How he rails with impious breath !
Then observe converted Paul
Oft in perils, oft in death.

'Twas that GOD, whose sovereign power
Did the lion's fury 'usage,
Could alone, in one short hour,
Still the persecutor's rage.

E'en a woman—women hear,
Read in Maccabees the story,
Conquer'd nature, love, and fear,
To obtain a crown of glory.

Seven stout sons she saw expire,
(How the mother's soul was pain'd !)

Fierce — But their bodies —
Short, though bitter, were their —
Everlasting is their joy.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O how wondrous is the story
Of our blest Redeemer's birth !
See the mighty Lord of Glory
Leaves his heaven to visit earth !

Hear with transport, every creature
Hear the Gospel's joyful sound ;
Christ appears in human nature
In our sinful world is found ;

Comes to pardon our transgression,
Like a cloud our sins to blot ;
Comes to his own favour'd nation
But his own receive him not.

If the angels who attended
... the Saviour's birth,
... songs descen

But 'twas he to whom in Heaven
Hallelujahs never cease;
He, the mighty God, was given,
Given to us a Prince of Peace.

None but he who did create us
Could redeem from sin and hell;
None but he could reinstate us
In the rank from which we fell.

Had he come, the glorious stranger,
Deck'd with all the world calls great;
Had he lived in pomp and grandeur,
Crown'd with more than royal state;

Still our tongues with praise o'erflowing,
On such boundless love would dwell
Still our hearts with rapture glowing,
Feel what words could never tell.

But what wonder should it raise,
Thus our lowest state to borrow:
O the high mysterious ways,
God's own Son a child of sorrow!

'Twas to bring us endless pleasure,
He our suffering nature bore;
'Twas to give us heavenly treasure,
He was willing to be poor.

Come, ye rich, survey the stable
Where your infant Saviour lies;
From your full o'erflowing table
Send the hungry good supplies.

Boast not your ennobled stations,
Boast not that you're highly fed;
Jesus, hear it all ye nations,
Had not where to lay his head.

Learn of me, thus cries the Saviour,
If my kingdom you'd inherit;
Sinner, quit your proud behaviour,
Learn my meek and lowly spirit.

Faint not in the race you run
Hard the lot your gracious Father
Gave his dear, his only Son.

Think, that if your humbler state
Less of worldly good bestow,
You escape those strong temptations
Which from wealth and gra-

See your Saviour is ascended !
See he looks with pity down !
Trust him, all will soon be mend
Bear his cross, you'll share his

OR

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT:

Being suitable Thoughts for a New Year.

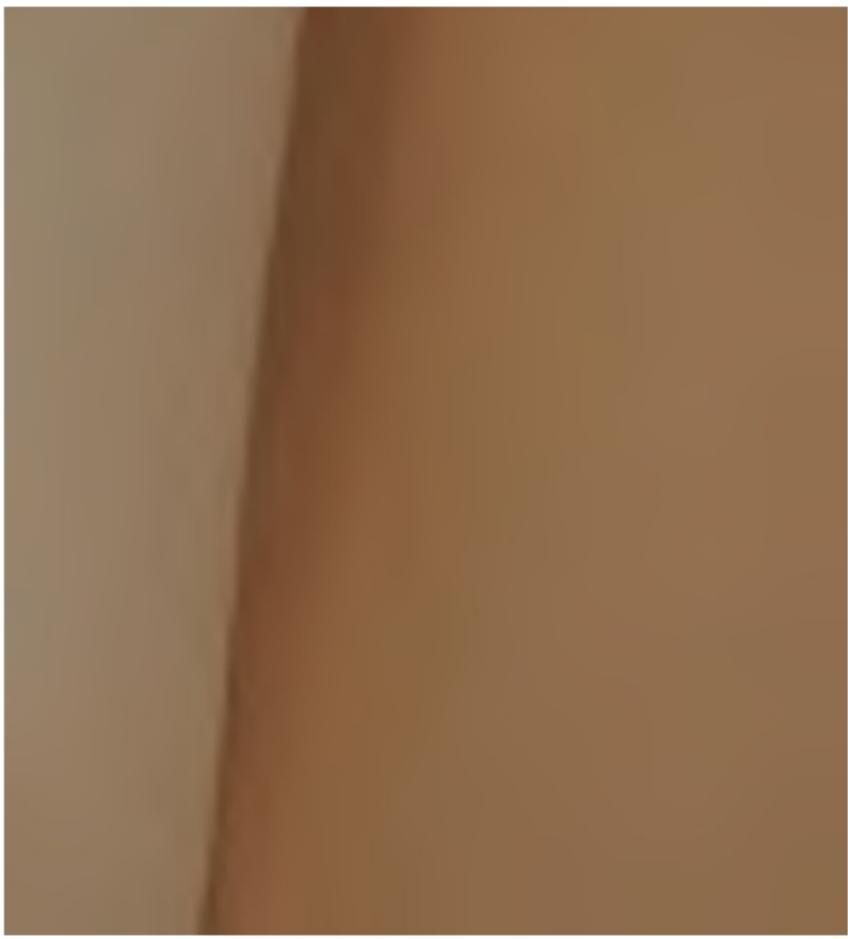
Here bliss is short, imperfect, insincere,
But total, absolute, and perfect *there*.
Here time's a moment, short our happiest state,
There infinite duration is our date.
Here Satan tempts, and troubles e'en the best,
There Satan's power extends not to the blest.
Here in a weak sinful body *here* I dwell,
But *there* I drop this frail and sickly shell.
Here my best thoughts are stain'd with guilt and fear,
But love and pardon shall be perfect *there*.
Here my best duties are defiled with sin,
There all is ease without and peace within.
Here feeble faith supplies my only light,
There faith and hope are swallow'd up in sight.
Here love of self my fairest work destroys,
There love of God shall perfect all my joys.
Here things as in a glass are darkly shewn,
There I shall know as clearly as I'm known.
Frail are the fairest flowers which bloom below,

Here Christ for sinners suffer'd groan'd, and ble
But *there* he reigns the great triumphant head :
Here mock'd and scourged, he wore a crown of the
A crown of glory *there* his brow adorns.
Here error clouds the will, and dims the sight,
There all is knowledge, purity, and light,
Here so imperfect is this mortal state,
If blest myself I mourn some other's fate.
At every human woe *I here* repine,
The joy of every saint shall *there* be mine.
Here if I lean, the world shall pierce my heart,
But *there* that broken reed and I shall part.
Here on no promised good can I depend,
But *there* the Rock of ages is my friend.
Here if some sudden joy delight inspire,
The dread to lose it damps the rising fire ;
But *there* whatever good the soul employ,
The thought that 'tis *eternal*, crowns the joy.

THE END.











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